

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

On the last day of the Teachers' Convention I was walking up Yonge street with Uncle Charlie Brown, and we were talking about schools and school teaching and making remarks about the visitors. I mentioned casually that I had taught school once myself. He pulled his long gray mustache reflectively. "I never taught school," said he, "but I have been there to as many lickings as any boy I ever heard of. I have a record that would bar me out of the best whipped class that was ever turned out of a school. I used to get it for breakfast and have it warmed up for dinner. When the schoolmaster didn't have anything else to do he called me up and lammed me with a rawhide. Yet I suppose it didn't do me any harm." I inquired if he thought it had done him any good. "Well, I don't know," he answered. "The boy that has never had a licking doesn't seem to amount to much, though somehow we have no heart for bringing up our boys in the old-fashioned way."

I can remember that the gad played a very important part in the curriculum of the schools I first attended, and, like Uncle Charlie Brown, I seemed to come in for more than my share of it. So much did I get that I certainly have no inclination to use it either in training other people's children or my own. Nearly everyone who has any knowledge of old-fashioned methods remembers with a certain amount of bitterness, softened though their experience may be by the lapse of many years, the severity of the whippings boys and even girls used to receive. Yet those old-fashioned school houses turned out some mighty clever men and good women. It is barely possible that we are going to the other extreme nowadays, and it has yet to be demonstrated that Solomon was wrong when he wrote "Spare the rod and spoil the child." It is quite probable that indulging children and humoring their little whims may be a poorer preparation for the battle of life than old-fashioned severity and frequent recourse to the birch sprout. As my friend said, a man who has never had a good licking, no matter who gave it to him or in what shape it came, is only half prepared for the great struggle to come. A boy who has had a rough and tumble experience expects to fight his way through. The one who has been coddled too much has the false idea that everyone should be good to him and help him out no matter what he does, or how badly he does it, or if he leaves his duty undone. There is no doubt that many boys who have been indulgently reared get some sort of a whipping very early in their career as business or professional men. Sometimes this teaches them the lesson which stern parents and still sterner schoolmasters taught the boy of half a century ago, yet the earlier we obtain our experience the more time we have to profit by it. This seems to prove that the boy needs a little banging around in order that he may acquire knowledge of the fact that life is not an unbroken line of pleasures and successes; that he will not always get—good or bad—what he earns; that he may not always hope even for justice, but that no matter what his trials are, with a stout heart he can survive them and by judicious management can avoid their repetition. When the over-indulged boy arrives at his majority he is too often a baby; too frequently he develops into a loafer. The boy who has been whipped too much is in danger of becoming sullen and rebellious, but when he gets to be a man and is away from the things which fretted him he is almost surprised to find how easy it is to live even in this hard world of business. No one treats him worse than his schoolmaster did. The discipline he acquired can be relaxed and still be better than that of his neighbors. He is more hopeful and stronger than the over-indulged boy; capable of submitting to injustice, and is defiant only when the pressure is made too great. Perhaps he may be a little harder than the pampered youth, but nobody on God's earth can be more selfish than the man who thinks that everything is his by right, and is carried away by the idea that everyone is bound to be good to him and that the earth and the fullness thereof is by right his.

This does not prove, however, that taking a club and mauling a boy all around the back yard or laming him with a rawhide in the schoolroom, is the only method of disciplining youth. A parent or teacher can in a hundred different ways punish impertinence and disobedience. Discipline is a thing which should be made a part of one's daily experience. Depriving the headstrong child of pleasures and little trifles may be made to show the result of conduct displeasing to those who have the little rebel's education in charge. In fact, those who understand children, boys especially, can make the school and home experience a miniature world where persistent labor is the first rung of the ladder of success and popularity. It can be shown them that courtesy and a conciliatory manner are absolutely necessary; that without truthfulness no one can be respected or share in the confidence of those about them; that honesty is not only the best policy but that without it the boy or girl, as well as the man or woman, must be ostracized and the privileges enjoyed by their companions denied them. The chief lesson to be taught children, it seems to me, is the inexorableness of school and parental decrees. The world is inexorable. If you do certain prohibited things the result is absolutely certain; there is no arguing around it or coaxing out of it. If the school or home is to be a mimic world its decrees must be

equally final, even if it is not always just. Reparation may be made in case of an injustice, but the decree should never be altered if the child is to be prepared for the fight for life which will follow its entrance into the wider world. I think Solomon was speaking figuratively when he referred to the rod, and if this interpretation be put upon the old proverb I imagine every thoughtful teacher, every loving father and mother who have considered the subject will agree that if the punishment be spared and the child reaches manhood or womanhood without any discipline, without having been punished for evil-doing, the result cannot but be disastrous.

Reading is said to make a full man, writing an exact man and speaking a ready man, but how little we care whether or not a man is full

esting. Nearly all of the letters which are written to newspapers, nearly all of the speeches which are published by them are too full of details. The reporter should, of all men, be a ready and entertaining man, one who can take the cream of a lecture and while merely indicating the methods of the lecturer, tell us in a couple of paragraphs what it was about and the conclusion at which the reasoner arrived. Or if one point be of signal interest and space is limited, as it always should be in the report of the average speech, the reporter should leave out the rest and startle or interest us with the new thing. The preacher too seems to think it his duty when he takes a text to thrash it out and scatter the straw and the chaff and the grain in the face of his audience. It seems to me that the knack of being

him. He diffuses the influence of the hour. At popular gatherings where no one is specially appointed to entertain the audience, he works hard. When he is our *vis-a-vis* in a railway coach, the companion of an hour anywhere, he is a pleasure. When he is alone he fills himself with information of that sort which is interesting to those he meets. He is continually giving out his strength, he imparts himself, as it were, to those surrounding him; he dies and we sometimes fail to realize that one of the most useful members of society has gone, that ability which is akin to genius has vanished into the night of the future. The great sages discover things, write books and directly enlighten but a small portion of the world, as very few people have either time or inclination to familiarize themselves with science, history, metaphysics or theology. The entertaining

now cautiously crawling from underneath the barn, counting his beads, crossing himself and muttering his devotions. He never appeared in a more religious frame of mind than at this minute. In conversation with a reporter he said that while the *Globe's* attitude towards him might cause the good people of Ontario to think ill of him, yet he was resigned to this by the thought that those who knew him best were aware that he was as moral and Christian as could be. He also said that as he grew older he tried to live better, and whether he would succeed or not was God's secret. As a Christian politician Mercier overtops all contemporaries. Though he steal five thousand dollars he does not backslide from his faith, and though fifty thousand dollars be stolen in his behalf yet he still observes the same religious practices as the poorest taxpayer of his province. Sudden riches have ruined many a supposedly good man and aroused an arrogant spirit, but Mercier has not thanklessly renounced the religion that gave him power and placed him within stealing distance of much money. He remained cool, took what he could, prayed more publicly and fasted more openly than ever, and with the benediction of the church upon him officiated at splendid ceremonies. He shows remarkable gratitude for favors to come, and will not despise so profitable a duty as his profession of faith. When the exposure came he refused to speak or be spoken to, withholding himself from all public demonstrations except those of a conspicuously religious nature. Public opinion having expressed itself upon the Baie des Chaleurs matter, he now knows what he has to face and so he crawls from under the barn considerably scared and bedaubed and mud-splashed, but glorious truth! more intensely devout, more completely sanctified by faith than ever. A man who, as he grows older tries to live better, should at Mercier's age have reached the point of common honesty as interpreted in the police courts, and none of us can respect the pious professions of an impenitent thief. Mercier may have a defence and if he will establish his honesty I will take his piety for granted. This is the general feeling in these parts, and it would be wise for him to cease mummering and return to the practical affairs of earth. The important matter now, as politicians see it, is the doubtful attitude of the church towards the Quebec Premier. It will undoubtedly condemn the crime, if proven, but will it acquit the criminals on the ground that they but succumbed to the prevalent weakness of our politicians as a class?

Any doctrine will find disciples. Walking down Yonge street the other day I came across a crowd to whom a man was proving that the world was flat, and not round as erroneously taught in our schools. The speaker was a small man with a small head and had evidently purchased the hat he then wore before his head had commenced to shrink. "The earth a plane—the earth a plane, testifying to its own level and immobility." He was selling books containing his theory, with charts and measurements, and whenever he delivered himself of this word "immobility" he invariably made a sale. If we are to believe this man, the contention that the earth is flat is regaining ground rapidly and will come into general acceptance again so sure as daylight follows darkness. I think we were getting along admirably before this fellow appeared upon the stage and restored the world to the pancake shape which it formerly had. It was all right for the ancients who labored little and remained at home, but nowadays a man is too busy to look about at every step for fear he will walk off the edge of a pancake earth. This little man on the corner should be forced to restore the earth to its globular shape at once, for if permitted to continue he will remodel the whole heavens and disarrange the mechanism of the universe. If he were familiar with the case of aeronaut Hogan who went up in a balloon at Brooklyn two years ago and has not been heard of since, he would consider his theory established beyond dispute by explaining that the air ship had floated out past the edge and was falling yet and forever.

The Mayor has signed the street railway contract and the Kiely-Everett Company is in possession. This has been the most eventful deal the corporation ever was concerned in. The mighty interests involved would alone make the disposal of the franchise important to the citizens, but the case was made doubly eventful through the real or artificial smudge of corruption that hovered about it. The bribery of aldermen was an American practice unknown here, and when the most sweeping charges were made against our representatives in council the people did not comprehend their duty or know what citizens should do. The admittedly sound men in council could not determine their duty either, and wavered between a resolve to investigate charges they felt sure were foundationless, or to ignore them and permit a false suspicion to cling to the council of 1891. Inaction, which is as often wise as not, resulted. If an investigation was necessary the corporation should have instituted it, for to leave it to any citizen who might see gain or glory in pursuing such a course was sure to cause a lop-sided inquiry, if any inquiry at all. The corporation required that an overt act should be shown before any steps could be taken. This means the corporation can but prosecute proven malfeasance, not investigate suspicious nor stoop to examine clues. This may be the proper caper, but it requires some individual citizen to



BARBARA.

of information, or is exact in his statements, if he does not know how to impart his knowledge. The majority of people are sorry, when they meet him socially, that he knows anything if he cannot be entertaining. On the majority of subjects it is immaterial if a man is inexact if the impression he conveys, and that is all that can be done socially, is such that a general conception of a work or topic is in a general sense correct. For instance, at a dinner party if a man is both full and exact in his information and is dry as well as ready, his speech is a bore and his hearers wish that he would get confused and sit down. Editors and newspaper writers as well, seem to forget that their mission is not that of the statistician. Though they should occasionally publish statistics which may be cut out of the paper and preserved by their subscribers for general reference, their main object should be to be inter-

ready and entertaining in what we do, is something we should try to acquire. One of the greatest pleasures in life, outside and inside of the home, is to find ourselves pleasing to those we meet and welcome at the houses to which we go. This knack is somehow poorly taught. Writers and speakers forget that they must be interesting in order to obtain or retain an audience, and that to be interesting they must either be specialists, taking a fragment and making the most of it, or else belong to the much despised class of entertaining talkers who endeavor to do no more than to convey in a pleasing manner an entertaining idea of a whole subject.

The ready and pleasant talker, the entertaining man may be superficial but he is underestimated. In the main we get our ideas from

man in the best sense of the word may have but a smattering of this information, but he conveys it in such a pleasant way that he keeps a large circle from total ignorance of the majority of subjects and sets some of them at work to dig deeper than he has had time to go. It is worth while thinking how much we are influenced by the chatty man who knows a little of everything. Scholars and book worms sneer at him, but he is an important factor in the world's makeup.

Fresh Air Fund:

Previously acknowledged.....	\$116 00
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	DON.

That very devout man, Count Mercier, is just

shoulder the burden of proving a case in the public behalf and for the public protection. A scandalous job might any day be carried through and remain undiscovered because no particular citizen cared to become public prosecutor at his private expense. To me the principle seems quite wrong. A suit begun by a citizen is liable to end like Mr. Macdonald's did, being cut short with a bank cheque, or like Phillips Thompson's did, petering out through scarcity of funds. In neither case is justice well served. If any amount of corruption were concealed in this street railway transaction, no proper attempt was made to unearth it. The proceedings permitted collusion among witnesses, and there was all through a remarkable lack of method, as though the lawyers were fishing for evidence and knew not where to fish. Irregularities tripped over each other from the start, and there seemed to be a blind groping after something solid, that ended in vain. To my mind the most damaging phase of the whole case was the painful silence of the aldermen accused. No charge that was laid against them could draw forth a defence, and to all the criticisms and insinuations of the press they offered no retort. This studied silence caused many to draw unwelcome conclusions, for aldermen as a class are not in the habit of quietly submitting to discreditable accusations when any defence is possible. However, the transfer of the street railway has been made, as there was no actual ground upon which the Mayor could further base delay in attaching his signature, and the general public is of opinion that the whole transaction was perfectly honest and regular. The new management have infused new vigor into the service and promise to make it better than it has ever yet been. But I do not expect to see horses displaced by electricity in such magically short time as boomers of the new company prophesied before the transfer. That will drag a trifle now, and the change will be effected by day labor instead of magic.

The member for East Northumberland is said to feel his position keenly and to be broken in spirit by the comments in the press on his conduct. There is a difference between the voluntary penitence of a conscious sinner and the tear-inspired prostration of an exposed evil-doer. The latter condition seems flavored with expediency. Mr. Cochrane is perturbed by the criticisms on his conduct, not by any consciousness that he acted wrongly. Yet if he would reflect a moment he must conclude that though he may see nothing wrong in his own conduct; it does not necessarily follow that he is above blame. Notwithstanding the number of excellent people who enlarge upon the trustworthiness of the individual conscience, I vastly prefer the public conscience as a gauge of right and wrong. A man's conscience goes with him whether his course be up or down. Before a man really starts down he indulges in tiny misdeeds that, while not disturbing the conscience presently, chloroform it to all that follows. Every individual conscience in the country might thus be incapable of protesting against the conduct of its possessor, but the collective conscience might still condemn the different misdeeds of each. Mr. Cochrane will notice that while he cannot condone the offences of Pacaud and McGreevy and others, yet none of these admit having done evil. They feel innocent as he feels innocent, and therefore with a knowledge of their deeds before him he must realize that a man is no competent judge of what is right and what wrong in his own conduct.

The report that another general election will soon occur is probably a dream. The Government is under no necessity for going to the country, and in doing so would risk much. I would like to see the Government reconstructed, however, at the end of the present session, and there is some probability of this. If Ontario were represented in a new cabinet by D'Alton McCarthy, William Ralph Meredith and Frank Smith the people of this province would be quite indifferent as to who made up the balance of the administration or where they came from. Those three men along with Sir John Thompson could sway a cabinet and their rule would be beneficent. Those who mix religion with politics will see that the combination mentioned is an admirable one from which impartial justice should issue to people of conflicting creeds. In every other respect those mentioned are as nearly above criticism as possible. Some changes are imperative. I do not expect to see a coalition government formed, for this sort of thing in Canada has been very unsatisfactory from a party standpoint whenever tried.

Social and Personal.

A very stirring social event occurred at Port Perry on August 31, the occasion being the marriage of one of Port Perry's fairest daughters, Miss Annie L. Roberts, the only child of Mr. A. W. Roberts, to Dr. Norton of Shelburne. The ceremony came off at two o'clock at the residence of the bride's father, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. William Grant, M.A., D.D. The bride looked lovely, and was charmingly attired in a gown of the richest pearl white French gros grain silk, elaborately trimmed with silk embossed birds' wings—same shade, with the conventional veil and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were Miss Alice Parrish of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Miss Edith Parrish of Port Perry. Miss Alice was robed in a cream Henrietta, trimmed with cream silk brocade. Miss Edith was costumed in a pale shade of heliotrope Henrietta, trimmed with silk and ostrich feathers of the same shade. The bridesmaids wore gold pearl bar pins, the gift of the groom. The groom was supported by Mr. Robert A. Riky of Shelburne. The floral decorations of the apartments were very beautiful and looked almost tropical in their gorgeousness. The whole effect was luxurious in the extreme. The ceremony was followed by a sumptuous banquet, after which the bride and groom left by the evening train for Toronto, whence they will go on a tour to Detroit, Chicago and other western cities.

In the recent examinations for university matriculation, in connection with Bishop Strachan School, which were conducted by the

Education Department, the following pupils passed with honors: Miss Emily Moss (head of the school and winner of the Governor-General's medal), with first-class honors in French and second-class in English and German; Miss Florence Neelds, with first class honors in Latin; Miss Edith Fausta Jones and Miss Kate Moore, with second-class honors in English. Pupils not attempting the full course for matriculation are allowed to try the examinations in special subjects. Of these Miss Ethel Gregg passed in everything except mathematics, with first-class honors in French and second-class in English; Miss Edith Smythe passed in English, history and geography, French and German, with second-class honors in English; Miss Lillian Caulfield passed in English, history and geography.

The following are amongst the latest arrivals at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire, P.Q.: Mr. A. W. Martin, Mr. C. F. Martin of Montreal, Mr. Joseph T. Dickson, Mrs. T. Dickson, Mrs. M. A. Morrell, Mrs. Clifton Church of Dallas, Tex., Mrs. C. Martin, Miss Martin, Mr. Chas. Meredith, Mr. H. H. Henshaw of Montreal, Mr. A. Lewis, Mrs. Lewis of Chicago, Ill., Mr. C. F. Hart, Mr. I. B. Abbott, Mr. George Brown, Mr. H. R. Larengue of Montreal, Miss Martil of Long Island City, Mr. and Mrs. King and family of Montreal, Mrs. Smith, Mr. T. R. Smith of St. Hilaire, Miss Nettie E. McKee, Mr. T. M. Radford, Mr. L. Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. Hague, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hague, Mr. Henshaw, Mr. C. Meredith, Lieut.-Col. Fred C. Henshaw, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Frank May, Prof. Baker Edwards, Mr. Lorne Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. McKinney, Mr. J. Pangman of Montreal, Hon. Francois Langelier of Quebec, Dr. Guay, M. P., Mr. P. Savard, M. P., Mr. P. Chiquette, M. P., Mr. A. Delisle, M. P., of Ottawa; Mr. J. P. Brodeur, M. P., of Montreal, Mr. P. Bernard, M. D., Mr. P. A. Jodoin of Belail.

Messrs. Melville & Richardson, steamship agents, report the following passengers booked for Europe this week: Dr. John Watson of Newmarket, Mr. and Mrs. T. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Kenistry, Mr. and Mrs. Holgate, Rev. B. Houston, Mr. J. Boyer, Miss Boyer, Rev. B. Johnston, Mr. H. Buck, Mr. W. and Mrs. Trest, Miss Trest, Mrs. E. J. Lomnitz, Mr. John Knowles, Mr. and Mrs. Cragg, Mrs. C. Bryson, Miss Bryson, Mr. W. Bowes, Miss Wilson, Mr. George Hunter, Lieut. Lovatt, Miss Richardson, Miss Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Bronson, Mr. Fred Whitaker, M. D., Prof. Oxenham, Miss Beaumont, Miss E. Burrows.

A very enjoyable German was danced at Port Sandfield, Thursday, August 27, and owing to the untiring efforts of Mr. E. C. Rutherford was a great success. Among the many who danced were noticed: Mrs. James Carruthers, the Misses Macdonell and Miss Flora Macdonell of Rochester, N. Y., Mrs. J. C. Smith, Mr. Frank McPhillips, Miss Eyre, Mr. W. T. J. Lee, Mr. S. Piddington, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Braide, Mr. R. M. Keating, Mr. Frank McLean, the Misses Milligan and Miss Wilson. The favors were pretty and artistic and some of the figures were very amusing. After the dance the genial host served refreshments to the guests in the new ball room, and every one pronounced it the most enjoyable evening of the season.

On Friday and Saturday of last week great interest was taken in the cricket match between the Ottawa and Rosedale clubs, as Ottawa made strong efforts to head the score. Their success was due in a great measure to the excellent play of Mr. W. C. Little and Mr. Steele. Rosedale club were indebted in like manner to Messrs. Rowlands and Howard. The scores were, Ottawa 133, Rosedale, 79. Cricket is greatly affected in our Capital City, and some fine players demonstrate the benefit derived from a general enthusiasm for England's national pastime.

The Bond street Congregationalists are promised a musical feast to-morrow, when Mr. J. Lewis Browne, a well known organist from Minneapolis, will preside at the organ and render several solos at both services. Mr. Browne will also give a recital on Monday evening, to which all members of the church, with their friends, are cordially invited.

A quiet wedding took place last Tuesday, when Miss Lina Gwendoline Cameron, daughter of the late Sir Mathew Crooks Cameron, was married to Mr. Thomas Alexander Chisholm. The bride wore a traveling dress of brown tweed and brown hat. Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm have gone up the Sauguenay for a wedding trip, and on their return will make their home on Prospect street.

An enjoyable concert was given on Wednesday evening by the Aquatic Association at the Concert Hall at Center Island. Limerick views of aquatic scenes, manipulated by Messrs. Manabie and Walsh, songs by Mr. Mundy, and ventriloquism by Mr. Dixon, made up a programme which attracted a greater number than could be admitted.

The Lakeside Home for Sick Children at the Island is to be handed over by the generous founder, Mr. J. Ross Robertson, to the Board of Trustees this afternoon. Arrangements are made for the reception of a large number of the friends of the institution.

Professor Balfour of Oxford, England, has been paying a visit and was highly pleased with Toronto and its people. The professor was accompanied by Mrs. Balfour and left Toronto for Washington to attend the scientific convention there.

Lt.-Col. Uppley and Mrs. Uppley are guests of Mrs. H. Macdonald, Wellington street.

Mrs. T. T. Webb, her daughter, Miss Roseline, and Miss Jennie Webb of Maplehurst, Brighton, are at Ontario Beach.

Miss Nellie Lennox of Beaconsfield avenue left yesterday for Cleveland to take a collegiate course. Miss Lennox is a promising and enthusiastic medical student.

Mrs. Edward Blake was unfortunately injured in a carriage accident a short time since.

The many friends of this much esteemed lady will be glad to hear of her gradual recovery.

The Bishop of Algona was in town last week. He looks the picture of health after his trip to the Old Country, and seems to have quite-shaken off the effects of his railroad accident.

Messrs. W. D. Hart and H. T. McMillan of the Standard Bank are enjoying their summer vacation.

Mrs. Irving Cameron has returned from a month's sojourn at Waubesa, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Freeman have returned home from their visit to Brampton.

Mrs. George Wilson of St. James avenue has returned from Napanea.

Mr. Philip Dykes, of the Merchants' Bank, is away on a fortnight's vacation.

Mr. M. M. Kertland and family have returned to the city, after summering at Center Island.

Mr. Sydney Sykes and family, of Linden street, have returned after spending some weeks at Center Island.

Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor and family of Jarvis street are spending some months in Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. Hume Browne have returned from Muskoka and are residing on Harbor street.

Mr. E. G. Gooderham, son of Mr. George Gooderham, was nearly drowned one day last week at Old Orchard, while rescuing a small boy from the sea.

Mrs. F. A. Barrett, of 227 Robert street, is visiting at Seabright with her sister, Mrs. Pike, of New York.

Mrs. Angus Sinclair and family of Avenue road have returned from Cobourg.

Messrs. J. Widmer, S. Clarke, J. W. Evans, Walter E. Bell and Frank Appleyard have just returned from a jolly and successful fishing trip to Sturgeon Point.

Principal MacMurchy and the Misses MacMurchy have returned from a summer holiday at Bathurst, N.B.

Rev. D. J. Macdonnell and Mrs. Macdonnell have returned from their European trip.

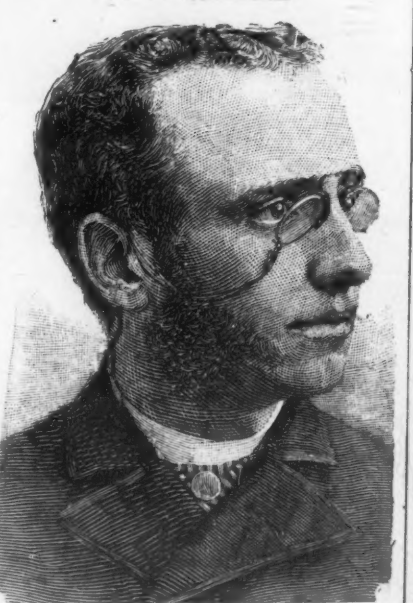
Professor and Mrs. Hirschfelder have returned from New York where they have enjoyed a delightful summer holiday.

Mr. E. A. Campbell of the Bank of Hamilton has gone by the steamer Campana to Chicago for a fortnight's holiday.

Mr. A. Thompson of the Bank of Hamilton is holiday-making in Muskoka.

Mr. L. Cassels of the Dominion Bank has gone to Chicago.

Mr. Charles Hirschfelder, who has been at Washington at the scientific convention, has returned to the city.



The Editor of Puck.

Above is presented a portrait of Mr. H. C. Banner, the editor of *Puck*. Though nothing appears in *Puck's* pages as good as what he writes himself, Mr. Banner is not wholly a humorist. No short stories which appear in the American magazines are finer than his, nor does any writer of this class of literature command a higher price. His philosophy of life is in touch with the modern movement as his recent volume, *Zadoc Pine*, will show. And though still a young man, his income is between ten and twenty thousand dollars.

A Clergyman's Experience of Marrying:

"After a long experience," said a prominent minister recently, "I have decided that on all just alike, and one method of treatment serves for both rich and poor. The bride is invariably nervous when the time arrives for the necessary signing and formality. The most phlegmatic woman I have ever seen trembles when what I call 'making the declaration' is commenced.

"Now, Miss Smith, I begin, 'what is your father's name?' She always says 'Mr. Smith.' Nine women out of every ten think initials unnecessary.

"When I ask her the mother's name she generally sheds a tear. I am at a loss to know why. The mere mention of a mother's name is not particularly pathetic, though perhaps it may be on the eve of marriage. I always crack a little joke when I ask the bride her age.

"How old are you, Miss Smith?" I say. "I know you think it very rude of me to ask, but you needn't be afraid of your minister, your doctor, or your lawyer."

"If I have made that joke once I have made it—let me see—well, hundreds of times, and out of all the brides I have converted into wives ninety-nine out of every hundred have laughed at it. When the declaration is at an end, I always say to the bride, 'Now, Miss Smith, sign your name for the last time.' That makes her so extremely nervous that in very many instances she spills the ink. I have made it a rule to keep the table on which these impor-

ant documents are signed covered with oil cloth.

"Before the actual ceremony begins the bride generally says, 'John, tell him to be as quick as he can. Can't be use a short service?' If she only knew that I was as desirous of returning to my library as she was to start on her bridal trip, that injunction would never be made. I thus arrange them in the prescribed manner, of which they are usually blissfully ignorant. The awkwardness of a bridegroom is phenomenal. When I say, 'Let the lady stand to the gentleman's left, it usually takes them a couple of minutes to distinguish between the right and left, and I have literally to put them in place. Their movements seem to be impeded, and I don't believe that six couples out of ten can tell their right from their left hand five minutes before they are married.

"During the ceremony they have nothing to do, so there is no trouble. At the end, when I say to the man, 'Take your bride,' he looks very frequently astonished, as though he did not understand me. Often he seizes her hand and remains holding it with the most ridiculous energy, apparently waiting for developments. I have to break the spell by remarking mildly: 'That is all, my young friends. You are man and wife.'

"But my duties are not over even then. I am convinced that a number of married couples would remain in my vestry for an hour from sheer bashfulness, if I did not come to the rescue. So I say delicately and with fine humor, as I smile: 'Well, Mr. Snooks, if I can ever do anything for you in a similar capacity again, I shall be delighted.' At which Mrs. Snooks pouts, and declares that she has not the least intention of leaving John a widower, and that sooner than he should marry again, she would haunt him, or words to that effect. They depart immediately after that, and I retire to my library and wonder why I don't feel either amused or distressed."

At the Gate.

A Realistic Report of a Rural Conversation.

"Purty night, ain't it, Tilly?"

"Yes, purty enough; good night, Hank."

"What's yer rush? We ain't been standing here but a few minutes."

"O-o-h, Hank Sparks, what a big story teller you are. We've been here over an hour."

"Well, what if we have?"

"Well, that's long enough, that's what. We'd ought to be 'shamed of ourselves anyhow."

"What for?"

"For being so silly."

"I reckon we ain't the only silly folks in the world, then."

"That don't make no difference. Good night."

"What for? You s'pose I'm going to stand here all night?"

"Nobody wants you to stay here all night; but I don't see why you should snatch yourself away like this."

"I'll be calling me first thing I know."

"Let him call; it won't hurt him."

"It might hurt you if he took a notion to come out or to set old Bose loose."

"Pshaw! Who's afraid?"

"You'd better be, Good night."

"What for, you big gump, you?"

"Oh, because."

"I shall not stay out here another minute."

"Yes, you will."

"I sha'n't. Let go my hands."

"I don't have to."

"Oh, you will, you! I—if you dare kiss me again, Hank Sparks!"

"Oh, I daren't, eh? There!"

"Hank Sparks!"

"There's another."

"I've a notion to call for pa. I will if you kiss me again, sir."

"Oh, you will? There! Now call him."

"You're the worst case I ever saw. Shame on you!"

"Pshaw! I pity a feller who ain't got grit enough to kiss his girl when he can."

"I'd be ashamed if I was you, sir. Good-night."

"Good-night, Tilly."

"Good-night."

Where Browning Wrote His Last Poems.

"What a curious place to select," was my thought as I stood at the door of the queer old house. I walked up twelve or fifteen hard stone steps, grasping the banister to guide myself in the dark, and was soon warmly welcomed by Signora Nina Tabacchi, as, passing through the kitchen, I was ushered into the sitting room. "Scrupulously clean and neat" was my next impression, but how plain! This cradle of "Asolando" was only a piece of the kitchen partitioned off for back parlor purposes, a glass door and window separating the two. The thin cotton curtain might possibly screen the mysteries of culinary processes from the poet's eye, but his ear must have been caught by occasional sounds of hacking and chopping, no wood could crackle, or incense arise from that adjacent hearth, without making itself distinctly noticeable. Such was his study and his drawing-room; a mullum in parvo, about twelve feet square.

The furniture is of the good old lodgings type, that is, as regards the style only, for Signor Tabacchi would not tolerate a flaw, a spot, or a tarnish, as do some of the older school of landlords. There is a large round pedestal table with a red cloth table-cover, offensive in its pattern; one half was devoted to his papers; on the other, luncheon was served for his sister and himself. A full-length sofa, uncomprehendingly hard, takes up the greater part of one wall; a kind of side-board stands opposite. On the chiffonier, between the two windows, rests the looking-glass, and half a dozen mahogany chairs, cane-bottomed and severe-backed, but of a good old design, complete the arrangements. On the fresh-colored walls hang a series of prints, illustrating events in the history of Venice. Doges are disporting themselves in most conventional attitudes, the vanquished are kneeling before the victors, and one has a general impression that history involves a great amount of bowing and scraping.—*Scribner's*.

The Age of Wonders.

Mr. Stubble (reading his paper)—By gum, Maria! if here ain't a fellow got an 'nornious tin plant. I've heard tell on growin' egg-plants, but never heard on this afore.

Mrs. Stubble (composedly)—This is an awful age we are livin' in, Uriah, an' I ain't surprised at enythin' nowadays.

Seaside Echoes.

"Yes, that's a fine dress; but I don't believe the beach police will let you go into the water with it."

"Mercy! that isn't a bathing suit. That's a ball dress."

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Between You and Me.



HERE came early Monday morning a letter from Nydia, begging for a list of books that will do a girl good to read. I went over my book treasures, this time with an approving conscience, and I am proud to introduce Nydia to the following ladies and gentlemen, who range from grave to gay—from lively to severe—Place aux dances! Geo. Eliot's works, especially

Romola; Edna Lyall's, particularly Knight Errant, give a woman and a man to love and revere; Blackmore's perfect English story of Lorna Doone; Olive Schreiner's Story of an African Farm and Dreams; John Inglesant; Sir John Lubbock's Pleasures of Life. And on a more cultured height, Emerson's Essays, Ruskin's and Spencer's works, and rugged Carlyle (I think she can get a goodly choice in our free library). For light English story writers, Black, Hardy, Stevenson and Kipling, and for the pen painters of our own land, Charles Egbert Craddock, Marion Crawford, George W. Cable, Howells and James. There are also Maxwell Gray, who wrote Silence of Dean Maitland, and Mrs. Ward, who made her name with Robert Elsmere, but I feel it very hard to make a selection unless I know just what sort of a girl is my new correspondent.

Would Nydia be so good as to tell Lady Gay if she has read any of the aforementioned, and would some of my more brainy lady correspondents recommend a few really good works on travel or other interesting subjects, and allow me to select from them another list? One of the most utterly disheartening traits in our girls is their apathy and coldness about self-culture, and the precious hours of youthful leisure they waste on waste over books which they express a candid contempt for, in their after thoughts. If they could only realize the mighty power of a well stored mind, the resource in trial, the ballast in temptation, the solace in dark hours, the strength in unforeseen emergency, they would equip themselves now in their youthful days, with an armour and a weapon that time and use will but improve. "She is so original! It's a treat to hear her talk," said a friend the other day as she mentioned a bright woman of my acquaintance. And I remembered the talker, and her sensible, breezy, well-thought-out periods, and I know that they were the comely fruit of many a girlish hour of study and sponge-like absorbing of the best ideas of her authors and her comrades, and without which two priceless traits she would have developed into a chattering fool. I always remember a little line in the Gospels when I meet these well stocked brains, about the man who brought forth out of his treasury things new and old. And what can be more delightful to the tired and idealess and overworked man or woman than to be present when the bringing out of the treasures is in progress? A quaint fancy curves your lip in a smile, a serious thought sinks like a blessing into some empty corner of your mind and brings forth fruit in season. A graceful verse, in mellow accents spoken, glides the darkest cloud that broods over your firmament; a sharp criticism startles you into alert sympathy or dissent, and you are so much the richer and your benefactor is none the poorer, for the marvel of these mind treasures is that like the quality of mercy they bless him who gives and him who takes, and their division only multiplies and enlarges them.

"How shall I do my hair?" asks a maiden whose brown locks are often unbecomingly piled up and who recognizes the fact. This is a question which ought to exercise the female mind more than it does. There are more faces rendered plain by an unbecoming coiffure than by any other agency I know of. The fat-faced girl twists her locks up tightly into an unmerciful knot, and leaves her large face bare and unframed; the delicate-featured, thin-faced woman leaves strands flying and wisps behind her ears; the woman who should balance her profile with a Greek knot wears a pompadour, and the head that would be meetly crowned by a coronet of braids flattens out before a Langtry knot. Let me tell you how much your appearance depends upon your hair, my lady readers, and give time and thought to its care. And whatever you do, my growing up girls, brush it often and braid it at night and don't let it fly loose at any time. Such a coiffure, or lack of coiffure, should depart when skirts descend anklewards.

The latest freak of the ever fresh Emperor of Germany is to forbid the small Deutschers the use of political names at their baptism. Robespierre and such suggestive titles are taboo! Does he really think that its names influence the mind and manners of infant Germany? Baptismal appellations are sometimes all-powerful in preserving traditions that elevate and nerve their owner, and why should they not also exercise a demoralizing influence? The boy who reverences his father is glad to bear his name, while Bill Sykes, junior, lives always under a suspicion. I like to think of my lovely grandmother, whose name I bear, and to whisper to myself that the hard-working Lady Gay of to-day must amid the sordid cares of life be sometimes worthy of the goodness and the brightness and the sweetness of the Lady Gay of two generations back. There is some inkling of this subtle influence in the noble father's mind when he calls his plebeian "George Washington Lincoln," and perhaps after all "Billy Hohenzollern," as some naughty English paper calls him, is right to give his embryo statesmen and fighting machines

every chance, even in the healthy influence of a decent and respectable name.]

The bad-tempered editor, who rejoices in that unattractive sobriquet because he is the most amiable and gentle soul alive, came hurrying into my room last week with a pale face and a terrified expression, and ejaculated as he waved in the air and deposited on my desk several sheets of paper fastened together with a brass clip, "There, Lady Gay, I won't read it. Take your own correspondence, and if you need help you can call out to me." Taking for granted that something unusual had come to light; I began the perusal of the letter, for such it proved to be. The writer was mad, and what do you think about it! My true and authentic sketch of the farmer's daughters which occurred a fortnight ago. I should have answered her very alarming effusion at once, but I waited to show it to my "maids of the farm" and ask them whether they agreed with my correspondent that I had insulted them. Their answer was eminently soothing to my nerves, but would only make the person who demanded my suppression crosser than ever, so I forbore to inflict it upon her. Farm maidens are not so sensitive as some people imagine, and fortunately editors are likewise rather callous to remarks whose frankness is their only redeeming feature. The mistakes made by the person who abused Lady Gay and doubted the resources of her mind and her wardrobe, are only what might be expected, and have their root in that love of a "scrap" which is the propelling power of many an undignified epistolary downfall.

But Lady Gay has none of this Hibernian weakness, and hastens to tender her most abject apologies to the writer of the letter aforesaid, begging ten thousand pardons for doubting the eternal fitness of the home-manufactured or even professionally-shaped tea gowns of that lady and all her female relations and friends. For why should the cuds be taken up, and the bad-tempered editor scared in such a manner for a small matter like that? Please, another time, fire straight at Lady Gay, my good creature, for she is here to be shot at, by those armed as you are, and she likes it. And if you can forgive her for her truthful account of her own experience, just because it was true, please bury the hatchet and be friends with her. She could tell just as good a story on the other side, and probably will.

I had a little experience that may be of use to some woman who loves flowers as much as I do. Last winter when I went home for Christmas I put my plants down cellar and thought no more about them, until I came back and found the cellar door open and my goodly stock of geraniums and other pets stiff and stark. Words are powerless in such cases, but my window gardens have been scant and poverty-stricken all summer in consequence. I invested in a few geraniums, and the other day I cut them down and planted my cuttings in a box of sand in the back yard. They have all rooted and are looking fine (the outdoor air seems so good for cuttings) and I shall have a grand row of strong young plants before frost comes. The winter window garden, where my bonny children bloom and grow and which looks so fresh and green from the street, shall come without expense, and shall be all the more interesting as a successful experiment.

LADY GAY.

Night.

For Saturday Night.

Sigh on sad sea, thy sobbing sootheth me.
Wall on wild wind along thy winding way.
Fads, fade, ye flaming flood gates in the sea,
Let night have away.

Life is a lonely labyrinth and the light
Mocketh my misery, and glamorous day
Smileth deriding on my shadowed sight.
Let night have away.

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Satin Cretonnes, 25c.
Plush Cretonnes, 25c.
Crispe Cretonnes, 27½c.
Cretonnes yet going at 5½c. Not a cretonne, but keeping company in the same shelves, will be found a choice stock of Turkey red Chins in pretty patterns. Shoppers know them as making up so nicely for bed comforters and quilts. Price reasonable at 17½c. yard.

Planning purchases for the fall out-town shoppers will consider the letter order department of this store. It's worth while giving it a trial order, if you're not one of the many who shop regularly this way.

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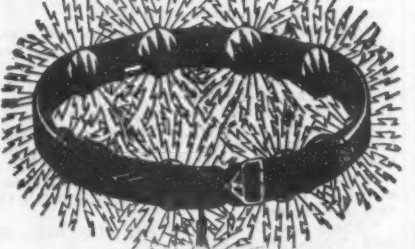
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Kidney Disease
Female Complaints

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THE PEER AND THE WOMAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. SMITH IS WARNED.

Mrs. Doore was never quite sure afterwards how she accomplished her journey that night, but she accomplished it. She did, and in less than an hour she stood underneath the high castle walls. The rest of her task was easy. An ordinary farmyard gate led over what had once been a moat into the inner courtyard, upon which the windows of the inhabited portion of the building looked. Here she passed for a minute, and taking up a pebble threw it sharply against a window directly opposite. There was a brief interval of suspense; then a light appeared, the window was opened, and a woman's head slowly appeared.

"Is there anybody there?" she called out softly. "Who is it?"

Mrs. Doore drew a little nearer the window. "It is I—Annie," she cried. "Let me in, mother."

"Annie! Annie! At this time of night! What has happened! What do you want?"

"Let me in, and I will tell you, mother," she cried. "Quick."

The head was withdrawn, and soon there was the sound of heavy bolts slipping back from the great oaken door, and the clanking of a chain. Then it was opened a little, and Mrs. Doore slipped inside with a sigh of relief.

Her mother took up the lamp which she had placed upon the floor, and held it high over her head while she looked anxiously into her daughter's face. Both women were as pale as death, but the two Mrs. Smith's appearance was the more ghastly. Her gray hair was streaming down her back, and her thin sharpened face was all tremulous with fear, while the long bony fingers which held the lamp shook so that it seemed more than once about to slip from her grasp.

Her eyes eagerly scanning her daughter's terror-stricken face and bedraggled appearance, but it was some time before she could frame a question.

"What is it, child?" she asked at length, in a low, shaking whisper. "Danger?"

"Ay, mother, I fear so, or I should not be here at this time of the night. Lord Alceston!"

"He is not coming here?" cried her mother. "He is here—at our cottage. My God."

There was a moment's silence. At first Mrs. Smith had tottered, and had seemed about to faint. Her daughter moved quickly to her side and, supporting her with her arm, led her to a chair.

"What does he want? What has he come here for?" she asked, hoarsely. "Does he know?"

Her daughter shook her head. "I cannot tell; I think not. They told him about the light, and I watched him all the time. He showed no sign."

"Perhaps he has only come to see the place," Mrs. Smith said slowly. "He has never been here."

"It may be so, but he has seen the light. He will want to go into that room. You must go and warn him at once, and get everything ready."

The old woman began to tremble again. "What shall I do if he stays long?" she exclaimed, wringing her hands. "Oh, I shall go mad; I know I shall."

"Nonsense, mother, you mustn't talk like that. Nothing will happen if you are careful. You must not let him stir from his room while Lord Alceston is here, not for one moment."

"Come and stop with me, Annie—do."

"I will, mother, I promise you, if he stays. But I must get back now at once."

"How came he to your cottage?"

"He had lost his way on the cliffs, and Jim and the lady found him and brought him down. It was a fortunate chance. Now, mother, I must go. Remember when he comes to-morrow you know nothing about his being close at hand."

"I shall remember. But, my child, you are wet through to the skin. Have a little brandy, or shall I make Tom light the fire and get some tea?"

"Neither, mother. I must go this minute! Look, morning is breaking already!"

Far away over the restless gray sea, faint streaks of white light were breaking through the dark clouds, and casting a lurid, ghastly coloring upon the waste of waters. Side by side mother and daughter stood for a minute watching the struggling morning dawn upon the storm-tossed waves. Directly the faint gleams of light had triumphed Mrs. Doore wrapped her shawl around her and turned to go.

"Remember, mother," she said, "it is for his sake. Be careful! Send for me as soon as you like after he has come. Good-bye now."

Mrs. Smith drew herself up. "Have no fear, Annie. Now that I am prepared, the danger is less. I must go to him now and prepare him."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CHAMBER IN THE TOWER—A DISCOVERY.

It was nearly mid-day when Lord Alceston, breathless with his climb, stood before the heap of ruins which centuries before had been the ancestral home of his family. Before making any attempt to discover the inhabited portion of it, he clambered up on the outside wall and looked around him.

It was not a cheerful prospect by any means that he looked upon. The iron-bound cliffs, against which the gray sea came thundering in, looked cold and forbidding, and lacked any form of vegetation to soften their threatening aspect, and the country inland, as far as the eye could see, looked barren and uncultivated, a succession of dreary, houseless wastes. The castle itself, or rather its remains, were in complete accord with the surroundings. There was none of the picturesque sequence of most ruins about its crumbling walls and bastions. All the sadness of decay was there without the softening hand of beauty to gloss it over. Not a sprig of ivy or even lichen had grown upon the bare stonework. The fierce sea winds had done their work, and had added desolation to destruction.

Lord Alceston, who was a young man of distinctly artistic tastes, which had been developed by his long rambles in sunny southern lands, felt a chill creep over him when he looked around. His first thought was that this was the wildest, barest corner of the globe on which he had ever set foot. Then his father's frequent visits here flashed into his mind, and he felt puzzled. What pleasure could he have found in visiting such a miserable spot—and alone, too! For resolute and absolute self-withdrawal from the world it was certainly admirably adapted. There would be no distraction from thought, nothing to break in upon or interfere with it. But was it necessary to come to such a place to gain it! Surely not! And yet—to be fond of it for its own sake! Was such a vagary of taste possible?

He clambered down to terra firma, and making his way towards the inhabited portion of the building saw for the first time a tall, rather fine-looking old lady in a straight black silk dress, standing in the oaken doorway. As he approached, she made him a respectful inclination of the head, and looked inquiringly at him.

"Good morning, Mrs. Smith," he said. "I suppose you are Mrs. Smith?"

"That is my name, sir," she said quietly. "Ah, I thought so. I think we have never met before, but you have heard of me. I am Lord Alceston."

She looked at him and sighed. "I'm very glad and proud to see you; but it's a poor, miserable place to come to. Will your lordship come in?"

He followed her into the hall, looking curiously around him. She opened the doors of the two rooms opening out from it, and showed him them.

"These are the only habitable rooms except the one in the south tower, my lord," she said. He looked around him, and felt woefully disappointed. Everything was dreary and commonplace, and in the last stage of decay.

"I should like to go to the room in the south tower," he said. "Isn't that the part of the building which my father used to inhabit when he came here?"

"Yes, my lord. There was no other part fit for him."

"It seems strange to me that he should have come here at all," Lord Alceston remarked, strolling to the window. "I had no idea that the place was such a complete ruin."

"I think his lordship used to come here now and then when he had work to do which needed complete quiet," she said. "There were no interruptions to be feared here—no gentlemen to call in and see him, and take up his time. The place is healthy, too, my lord, and the fishing is very good."

"So I suppose," he answered. "Fishing is not a favorite sport of mine though—especially sea fishing. I never have any luck. By the way, Mrs. Smith, your face reminds me very much of somebody I've seen lately. Who is it, I wonder?"

If he had been watching her closely he could scarcely have avoided noticing the quick start and the sudden movement of her hand to her side. But he had strolled to one of the other windows, and his back was turned to her. Besides, he was very little interested in the matter.

"I don't know, my lord, I'm sure," she answered, slowly, "unless it may have been Mrs. Doore."

"Of course, Mrs. Doore it was," he assented. "A most respectable woman she is, too. What relation is she?"

"My daughter."

"Indeed! Ah! I can see the likeness quite plain now," he said, turning round. "Fortunate for you, you have relations. It must be very dull. And now suppose we have a look at the south tower."

"Certainly, my lord; there is the key," pointing to where it hung, covered with cobwebs and dust, on a rusty nail. "It has not been used since his lordship was here."

He followed her down a long passage which smelt very mouldy, across a vast room, once a banquet hall, now partly open to the sky; up some steps and along another corridor, in the walls of which were great clefts, through which he could see the gray sea rolling beneath. At its extremity they came to a great oaken door studded with nails.

"This is the door of the room, my lord," she said, clutching the handle, for the strong salt wind was roaring through great fissures in the roof and walls, blowing her stiff skirts around her and carrying her voice far away.

Lord Alceston looked downwards, and almost at their feet saw the little cluster of fishermen's cottages here he had passed the night, looking like dolls' houses some six hundred feet below. The sight reminded him of something. He drew in his head and looked curiously at the solid door before him.

"Is there any other key to this door, Mrs. Smith?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Certainly not, my lord; you have the only one."

"Then this door has not been opened since my father was here last?"

"It has not, my lord."

He took off his hat, and held it in his hand, while the wind played havoc with his fair hair, which he kept less closely cut than most Englishmen.

"I suppose you've heard about the mysterious light which is supposed to shine from this room at night?" he said.

"I have heard that there is some story of the sort about amongst the fishermen, my lord," she answered. "They are a superstitious race."

"So I suppose. But there certainly was a light burning last night which appeared to come from this room," he said. "How do you account for it?"

She pointed to the flagstaff a little to their right.

"In very stormy weather, my lord, I have sometimes hung a lantern there as a sort of signal. I have a relation who owns coal ships at Mewton, and I promised him that I would do so."

"Was the lantern there last night?"

"It was, my lord."

He looked puzzled for a minute, then he shrugged his shoulders carelessly.

"I might have known a few things of this sort," he said. "Now for this room."

He turned the key which he had already fitted into the lock, and slowly, with much effort, the door opened. The first thing he noticed was that their entrance had disturbed several cobwebs which had hung about the door and in the keyhole, and that a thick layer of dust upon the floor was pushed away by the movement of the door.

"That settles it still more conclusively," he remarked. "Proof positive, you see, that this door has not been opened for months."

He stood on the threshold and looked about him curiously, even eagerly. The room was quite a small one, hexagonal in shape, and lit by windows at each side. The furniture was much more modern than any which he had seen about the place, and there was plenty of it. A Turkey carpet covered the floor, and several oil paintings, one or two of which hung upon the walls above the oaken paneling. There was nothing in the least degree extraordinary about the room, except its congruity with the rest of the place.

"Shall you be making any stay here, my lord?" Mrs. Smith asked.

"Not I," he answered. "I am in search of some papers which belonged to my father, and which I thought might be here—that is why I came."

"The desk and bureau are just as he left them, my lord," she said softly. "I hope that you may find them. I will send you some luncheon here—such as we can get about one o'clock. And about a bed, my lord?"

"Bed! Oh, I'm not going to sleep here, thanks," he said. "I've sent one of the men from down below there to Mewton for a fly. I expect it will be here about five."

She turned her face away that he might not see her relief. Then she left him, closing the door after her.

Lord Alceston listened to her retreating footsteps until they died away in the distance. "There's something very queer about that old lady," he said to himself, thoughtfully. "She wasn't in the least surprised to see me. She trembled when I spoke of that mysterious light, and yet pretended to despise it; and she couldn't conceal her delight when I told her she reminded me of somebody, too. Besides, Mrs. Doore; can't think who the mischief it is, though."

He stood for a few minutes buried in silent thought. Then he moved towards the writing-table, which stood facing one of the windows, and sank into the chair directly in front of it. There were loose papers lying about, many of them covered with memoranda in his father's handwriting. He took one of them up reverently. It consisted of notes for an article in a review. He tried another. It was a criticism of a recent remarkable novel. These were all interesting, and must certainly be preserved; but they were not what he had come to look for. He put them on one side, and commenced turning out the drawers.

The Earl of Harrowdown, admirable public servant though he had been, had not been by

any means a methodical or orderly man in his private affairs. Lord Alceston recognized that fact to his sorrow directly he commenced his search. Bills, receipts, invitations, begging letters, letters of congratulation, and political letters from the chief of his colleagues, were all bundled together in an incongruous heap. At first he had intended to sort them as he went on, but he soon desisted from the attempt, and contented himself with merely glancing through each bundle of papers, and then throwing them on one side.

At last he had examined every drawer but one, and that one none of the keys which he had brought with him would open. As soon as he had ascertained this, he looked about him for means of forcing it open, and, finding no other, he took the poker, and with one blow fractured the woodwork of the drawer. Through the opening thus made he drew out a little bundle of letters and a photograph, and directly his fingers closed upon them he felt that his efforts were about to be rewarded.

He laid them before him without undoing the broad, black ribbon which bound them together. Was it not after all almost like sacrilege to look at them? It seemed to him that they were somehow sacred—sacred to the dead. If his father were living, would he have them opened? And yet on the other hand it was no curiosity which was prompting him. He had no wish, he rather felt a shrinking from any attempt to bring into the light of day what which his father had left buried. But there were other things to be thought of. There was guilt to be punished, and a hideous crime had gone unpunished. There was more to it; there was a vague suspicion floating in the mind of one person at least, too horrible to breathe, and which he felt for him to accept even for a single second. But a time might come when it would be better that he could of his own knowledge turn upon it the ridicule which it merited. The time might come when, as well as avenger, he might have to play the part of defender, and it would be well for him to be prepared. He hesitated no longer. It seemed to him that his duty lay plain before him.

And yet his fingers trembled a little as he untied the ribbon; it seemed to him so like desecration, so like doing a mean action for expedient's sake. But it must be done. The six or seven letters, yellow with age, and emitting a faint musky perfume, lay open before him, and the photograph was in his hands.

It had been taken out of doors—probably by an amateur—for there was a photographic name at the back and no address. But it had been very well taken. Many years old though it must have been, the figures were still distinct and unfaded, and Lord Alceston felt a strange sensation creeping over him as he gazed at them. It was his father, he knew that in a moment, but the woman! Who was she?

His hand trembled a little as he laid it down. His mind had been full of something of this sort when he had commenced his search, but the discovery was a shock to him. He told himself that he had expected it, that it had not found it he would have been disappointed. But none the less in his heart he knew that it was a great shock. He, himself, was no Puritan, but there were some sins taken often as a matter of course by young men in his position, to which he had never aspired. He had no very high ideals of life, and it had been perhaps somewhat of a selfish one—at any rate, only negatively good. But he had a strong sense of right and wrong, and a strong will to back up his knowledge; and when it was only negatively good it had never been positively bad; and so this photograph and those papers were breathing out a faint delicate odor of some unknown perfume, seemed very terrible to him.

He looked again into the face of the woman who was standing with her hand resting upon his father's shoulder. Yes, she was beautiful; there was no denying it. There was witchery in those large full eyes and in the delicate curve of the little mouth, witchery in the fair hair which floated around her oval face, and in the tall, supple figure. Whether it was the face of a good woman or no, it was the face of a beautiful one.

He took up one of the letters, and opened it with less reverence than he would have done had he not seen the photograph. As he read his cheeks burned with a sort of shame that he should be reading what was so evidently only meant for the eyes of one—and that one his father! It was a passionate love-letter, written in French, and signed simply Cecile.

Two others were in the same strain, and similarly devoid of anything which could help him in the least. Towards the close of the third, however, there was a passage which he read twice over.

"And you will be here the day after to-morrow. Ah! it seems too great happiness to think of it. How I long to see you, Bernard, and how weary the days have seemed when you have been so far away, and I have been shut up here alone with *mon pere*, and with father! There have been many things to worry and perplex me. One of these, I must tell you, dearest, and you will not be cross with your Cecile—I must ask you a favor. It is about Marie, Bernard. When you first came to see us I almost fancied sometimes that it was for her I was a passionate lover-leister, written in French, and signed simply Cecile."

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at the pictures and out of the windows at the fine sea view. As he turned round, he trod upon a newspaper, and with a very weak curiosity he stooped and picked it up. At the first glance he knitted his brows, perplexed, and turned it over rapidly. Then he gave a quick start of surprise, and a sudden flash of excitement flashed into his eyes.

"By Jove," he muttered, "there's some mystery here, after all. Eight months, Mrs. Smith tells me, this room has been locked up, and on the floor here is last week's Times."

(To be Continued.)

A Sudden Attachment.



Mrs. Quinn's Master-Stroke.

It was quite an open secret in the Brannigan family that Mrs. Brannigan had taken a villa down at Clamville-by-the-Sea, for the express purpose of offering her eldest daughter Tilda extra facilities for securing a husband.

Both Mary Cadogan, Mrs. Brannigan's twin sister, and Mrs. Della Quinn were aware of this, and as the summer began to wear away, these two old worthies laid their heads together and decided that they must hurry matters on a bit and bring Tilda's matrimonial quest to a satisfactory conclusion.

"I'd like to do Julia a favor, I would," exclaimed Mrs. Quinn, beaming as she discussed the matter with Mary on the back piazza. "She's been mighty good to me this summer. Julia's queer, and she gets high-minded notions now and then, but her heart's in the right place. It ain't many girls, now, when they've made their pile and got as fine a place as this is, as would be askin' their old-time friends to come down and stay all summer. Faith, this is the first time in my life that for two months runnin' I've had puddin' every day."

"Yes," declared Miss Cadogan. "Julia's good-hearted, there ain't no use talkin'. But she's enjoyed havin' us here. She told me if it hadn't been for Tilda's goin' on in that old shed there, she wouldn't have had nothin' to complain about all summer."

After a moment's mature deliberation Mrs. Quinn exclaimed, impressively, with a broad sweep of her large right hand:

"Do you know what I'm goin' to do, Mary? Well, I'll tell you now. I'm goin' to get rid of that barn for Julia and, as an engagement ring for Tilda at the same time, or else me name ain't Della Quinn and me invention has gone back on me."

The shed in question stood at the bottom of the Brannigans' garden and was a most dilapidated sort of cross between a stable and a pigsty, entirely out of keeping with the other portions of the villa.

The landlord seemed to have entirely overlooked it when he was repairing and repainting the other parts of the establishment, and although Mrs. Brannigan had entreated him with tears in her eyes either to pull it down or to make it reasonably respectable, he had kept putting it off from day to day, until here it was the middle of August, and not so much as a coat of whitewash had been administered to the shed.

"You'll have to help me, Mary, as much as you can," pursued Mrs. Quinn. "First thing we want to do is get a halo for Barney McGovern. He's a fine, honest, good-looking fellow, Barney, but he ain't romantic enough for Tilda. If we don't she'll be hitchin' herself to that polky-faced young Eugene Wyncoop, the man with the pedigree."

"But what does Barney be wantin' wid a halo round his head? He ain't no angel."

"Oh Mary, can't you see things at all. I don't mean a halo of that kind. But it's like this: There's that Eugene Wyncoop, as is just travellin' on his manners and his pedigree, as he calls it, which he's always carrying in his pocket. Tilda's so struck wid his name and the airs of him that she won't as much as look at Barney. What Barney needs is a little of what the poets call the light which never was on land or sea. I called it a halo just to save time."

That evening, Clamville-by-the-Sea was treated to two sensations. The new fire engine arrived in town, and Miss Tilda Brannigan announced to her assembled family at the tea table that she was about to go on the boards of the Clamville Theater in the capacity of a star.

The fire engine had cost a good deal more money than had been expected, and therefore the amateur fire company, of which both Eugene Wyncoop and Barney McGovern were shining lights, decided to give a performance of Sawanaka, the White Squaw, to defray the expenses. Wyncoop, who was the fire chief, immediately offered Miss Brannigan the leading role, and that evening after fire drill, he came up to the Brannigans to talk things over.

They were all sitting on the piazza when he and Tilda appeared. He talked to the company generally and then went over and sat down by Mrs. Quinn.

"Here's something that perhaps you would like to look at, Mrs. Quinn," he remarked as he presented her with a roll of parchment. "I've just been showing it to Miss Brannigan, and I thought perhaps it might interest the rest of you. It's my coat-of-arms, you know, and my genealogical tree."

"I trace my ancestry back to 1154," he continued with a smile of pride. "The first Wyncoop, as you will notice, was Archbishop of Canterbury in Henry XI's reign."

Mrs. Quinn handed the parchment to him without saying a single word. But no sooner were she and Miss Cadogan alone than she astonished that good woman by droning to herself:

"William I., 1066; William II., 1087; Henry I., 1100; Stephen, 1135; Henry II., 1154."

"There!" she exclaimed, triumphantly. "I know that he was lyn' somewhere. I didn't learn much at school, but I know me dates. There never was no such king as Henry XI."

Then Mrs. Quinn went off into such a fit of laughter that it shook her like a veritable jelly. "The fine gentleman's got a thing or two to learn yet. Why, he can't translate a number yet. II, which is Roman for second, he goes and reads in place of the eleventh. Did you ever hear the likes of that?"

"Della," exclaimed Miss Cadogan mysteriously, "did you notice the bar canister on his crest?"

"The what?"

"The bar canister, I tell you. Wance, at a house where I was cook, me mistress gave me a book of suits of arms to look at. Then she told me a whole lot about 'em and what all the different things meant. I've forgotten all the rest she told me, but the bar canister made an indelible impression."

"I'd knowed 'em then now wid me eyes shut, and that Wyncoop has got wan sure. Put your head down and I'll whisper the particulars to you."

Mrs. Quinn obeyed and gradually, as the drift of Miss Cadogan's remarks dawned upon her, her features took on a triumphant grin.

"Faith, now, why didn't they tell me that at all? Archbishops can't marry, to be sure. But that settles it. Tilda shan't marry him now if I die for it, for I'll never own as nephews and nieces children whose great-great-grandfather was a perfect jelly."

Within three days every fence in Clamville announced that "Miss Matilda Brannigan, the renowned society amateur actress, would appear in Sawanaka, the White Squaw, on Saturday night, Aug. 15, supported by Mr. Eugene Wyncoop and a select coterie of society leaders."

Rehearsals were called for twice a day, and consequently so much was Tilda engrossed with her part that her family saw scarcely anything of her and poor McGovern nothing at all.

He used to hang about the house and make love in a mild sort of way to Tilda's second sister Bridgie, who had not been invited to take part in the play.

He had consented to appear as one of the White Squaw's Indian warriors, more for the pleasure of being near her than from any desire to appear in public, but this was essentially a thinking role, he was left with a good deal of time on his hands, and Mrs. Quinn, seeing how disconsolate he looked, finally took compassion upon the poor fellow.

She dragged him off for a long walk, and by the time she brought him home again his features were one broad grin. Mrs. Quinn and Baby Brannigan were also much together in those days.

By Miss Cadogan's express stipulation Baby was not to witness his sister's debut. Miss Cadogan did not approve of theatrical performances in any shape or form, and as Baby was the prospective heir it was thought best to regulate his conduct accordingly.

On the morning of the day of the perform-

ance Mrs. Quinn did a most extraordinary thing. She volunteered to water the garden of her own accord. Just in front of the barn, to which Mrs. Brannigan so strenuously objected, there was quite a little pile of hay. Mrs. Quinn was observed to examine it very carefully and then to pause with her eye the distance from the hay loft to the ground. Then she turned the hose on the hay until it was thoroughly soaked and betook herself to the house again. There were piles of hay in the rear of the barn and also on each side. Mrs. Quinn didn't bother about soaking them, however; the pile before the hay loft door absorbed her entire attention.

That night, when Tilda was all ready to start for the theater, Mrs. Quinn and Miss Cadogan wished her every joy.

"Well, I hope you'll be a thumpin' success, Tilda," remarked Mrs. Quinn. "Me and Mary shall be thinkin' of you, though we shan't be there. I'd go in a minute if it wasn't for me toothache, and anyhow, even if it did let up, I couldn't go now, for I've promised to take Baby in the hayloft and let him play in the hay. Tell Barney, if you see him, to come up for supper. What wid these rehearsals and the fire engine practices, I ain't laid eyes on him in three days."

Then turning to Baby, she exclaimed: "Now, come along, darlint, let's go up in the hayloft. When the curtain rose on the first act of Sawanaka, standin' room was at a premium."

The stage was set as a prairie, with an Indian encampment in the foreground. The twenty-one members of the Clamville Fire Department, metamorphosed for the time being into the Indian followers of the White Squaw, lay about the stage in various attitudes of languor.

One by one the warriors grew drowsy and sank to rest. The moon arose above the prairie grass, and, while the orchestra played slow music, there entered from R. E. Miss Tilda Brannigan, the White Squaw.

You could have heard a pin drop anywhere in the theater as the White Squaw, daintily picking her way among the sleeping men, advanced to the footlights on tiptoes. Everybody leaned forward to catch the first syllable which should fall from her silvery lips. There was an instant's pause, and then she spoke.

"See," she exclaimed, in a staccato whisper, "the dusky warriors sleep."

Hardly had the sentence left her lips when the fire bell began to ring.

Every dusky warrior sprang to his feet tumultuously and tore headlong off the stage. In an instant they had cleared the stairs and, in full war paint and feathers, were rushing down the street toward the engine house, helter skelter. The White Squaw, left alone in her glory, sat an ignominious retreat behind the scenes, where she threw herself upon a camp stool and at once began to cry.

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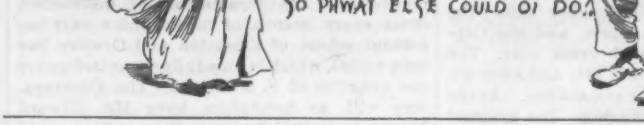
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Mrs. Murphy's Explanation

FOUR TIMES DID OH REFUSE HIM
WHEN PATRICK CAME TO WOO,
BUT ME HEART KEPT GOIN' PITY PAT
SO PHWAT ELSE COULD OH DO.



"Oh, and sure that was easy enough," replied Mrs. Quinn, with a good-natured laugh.

Late that night, after everybody else was in bed, Mrs. Quinn, Miss Cadogan, Barney and the Baby held a special session on the back piazza. Barney had dispensed with his story for the time being, and Baby Brannigan was giggling so that his aunt had to stuff a handkerchief into his mouth.

"Twas a grand success," explained Mrs. Quinn enthusiastically. "There wasn't wan of us as missed a cue. Julia's tickled to death at losing her barn, and you're all square wid Tilda."

"You're a jewel, Mrs. Quinn," exclaimed Barney, "but how did you manage to keep the fire down until I had time to get here?"

"Oh, faith, that was easy enough. 'Twas Mary rung it, and I give her special instruction to send it off three minutes in advance."

How the Nobility Increase their Incomes.

It is a wonder of much speculation, even amongst their most intimate friends, how certain members of the aristocracy, with comparatively slender incomes, manage to live in a style befitting their rank and, at the same time, keep out of debt. But this is easily explained when the various means by which they supplement their incomes are disclosed.

One noble lord, whose splendid mansion in London is the envy of his friends, earns about £2,000 per annum by introducing wealthy but obscure persons to members of the "upper ten," his *modus operandi* being as follows:

On receipt of a cheque for two hundred guineas from the aspirant for aristocratic hospitality, he forwards an invitation for a forthcoming garden or dinner party, as the case may be. The day comes, the wealthy nobody is introduced to a few impecunious somebodies, and the money is earned.

Last year a wealthy American from Chicago, who had amassed enormous wealth in the pork business, came to England in search of a wife with a title.

Not having any acquaintances in this country he was at a loss what to do in order to become acquainted with members of the English aristocracy. At last he heard of a certain impecunious baronet who, as he was told, for a pecuniary consideration agrees to effect introductions of this kind. He accordingly wrote the baronet offering him a thousand pounds if he would introduce him to his circle of acquaintances. The offer was accepted, the introductions were made, and the result was that the American got a wife with some of the bluest of blue blood in her veins.

There is at the present moment a lady moving in the highest circles, and renowned as a leader of fashion, who receives a standing salary of ten guineas a week from a high-class society journal, in consideration of sending a few fashionable items each week to the office of the paper, to be afterwards worn into paragraph.

Another lady, the wife of a member of the House of Lords, receives £5 from each of six provincial journals, to whom she sends every week a Ladies' Letter one column in length.

Another lady of title earns a nice little sum yearly sending the accounts of the movements of her fashionable friends to a leading London daily.

Until a short time ago, several ladies who had access to the court earned large sums by presenting aspiring debutantes at the Queen's Drawing Rooms.

At last, one more rash than the rest advertised the fact in the columns of the leading newspapers. This getting to her majesty's ears, inquiries were made, and the offender discovered. Needless to say, this practice has now been put a stop to.

It is a well known fact that guests can be hired for dinner parties at the rate of a guinea a night.

This business has now developed to such an extent that one of the leading agencies of this description has on its books the names of several of the nobility. Their terms are, of course, higher than those who go to fill up as waiters, their terms varying from five to twenty guineas.

Another source of income is possessed by those who own mansions which are famous because of their historical interest, their picturesque situation, or some other reason. Some owners of these show-places receive from five hundred to a thousand pounds yearly from the charges made for admission to these places. In many instances (as in the case of the Duke of Westminster, who receives about six hundred pounds per annum from persons visiting Eaton Hall) the sum thus obtained is distributed amongst local charities, but where money is an object it is a welcome addition to the family exchequer. It was formerly the custom to distribute the spoils of the chase among friends and neighbors, but this is now changed, the game being sent to the markets of our large towns.

Last year one noble lord, who owns a magnificent sporting estate in the north of England, sent to the Manchester and Liverpool markets five thousand grouse, two thousand pheasants, nearly twenty thousand rabbits and hares, besides a large quantity of salmon. This by no means an extraordinary quantity to be sent in one year, so the receipts from this source alone will be by no means inconsiderable. The spread of amateur photography throughout all classes of English society has been something phenomenal, and it is safe to say that in no class has it obtained a firmer hold than among the aristocracy.

One of the most enthusiastic votaries is a certain lord, who not only finds in this pursuit a pleasurable hobby, but also a source of profit.

Armed with an instantaneous camera, fitted with all the latest improvements, he secures portraits of all his friends and acquaintances, and puts them away for future use. Then, when any of those persons whose photos he possesses dies, or in any other way acquires notoriety, he disposes of the portrait to an eminent firm of photographers in London, who afterwards make reproductions of it for sale amongst a sensation-loving public.

For these photographs he is paid sums varying from twenty to one hundred pounds each, according to the amount of interest centered in the originals.

Thus in a recent divorce case, in which a certain baronet figured somewhat prominently, he was paid one hundred and fifty pounds, owing to his being the only photograph in existence, the gentleman in question having an especial aversion to being photographed.

The Mysteries of Jam Making.

The British Medical Journal throws more light on the mysteries of jam-making. An inquiring stranger, it says, who was being shown over a British wine manufactory, was struck by several high mounds of crimson dust. These he was told were the refuse of the wine-presses in which the juice of raspberries, currants, and other fruit used in the business, was extracted for making the wine.

As it is seldom that anything is wasted in an

"Ethel Goodbell brought home a lovely souvenir spoon with her from England."

"I know; I saw her with him on the avenue, Sunday morning."

Johnny—Did you catch anything when you went fishin' yesterday?

Jimmy—Did I? Wait till we go in swimmin' an' I'll show you some o' dad's marks!

SAY!

Do You Ever Wash?



The grandest labor-saving and cleansing Soap to wash with is "Sunlight" Soap. Try it next washday. You will be immensely pleased. No steam, no hard rubbing, no sore hands.

Can You Believe It?

We know it is hard to believe, and yet it is true, that every day persons who ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, have handed out to them something which looks like C-A-R-T-E-R-'S, and yet is not.

They are put up in a RED wrapper, and they closely imitate "C-A-R-T-E-R-'S" in general appearance. But it is a fraud!!!

The unsuspecting purchaser who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud and imitation in his pocket.

HEED THE WARNING.

Don't be deceived and do not be imposed upon with an imitation of what you want. You want CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because you know their value and their merit. THEY NEVER FAIL.

When you go to buy a bottle of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, ask for "C-A-R-T-E-R-'S," be sure you get "C-A-R-T-E-R-'S," and take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

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Flett's Foot Powders

WILL CURE THEM

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SCOURINE

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Golden Rod and Asters.



HIS week the golden rod is in full bloom. Months ago while the more fragile flowers were scenting the June air with the tender sweetness of their maturity, the golden rod's sturdy stem and spike-like leaves were unnoticed by the road side and in the angles of the weather-beaten, rambling snake fences. Then as the summer grew older and the wheat fields under the caresses of the wind and the shining of the sun rippled from green to gold as gradually as the rays of the setting sun burnish the water, little light green buds grew on the plant or perhaps an inch or two of premature bloom was seen. Then as the mighty machines began to sing in the fields and great wagons to groan and creak under the full, jolly-looking sheaves, and the men worked late under a great golden moon, longer sprays of bloom appeared; until this week when the last of the harvest stands shucked in bearded battalions, it bursts into full bloom as if the culmination of all the richness of the year. And with autumn's golden sceptre comes the regal purple of the aster, growing with it and supplying the note of sadness that underlies this season—the lovely peaceful season of nature's downfall. It is a sadness that is subtle and undefinable. All lovers of nature feel it, and Tennyson has described it so beautifully, so truthfully that we weaklings of song can but reverence and cannot imitate.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather in the eyes
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more."

"The days that are no more," how bright they seem now. The chill sunshiny days when the wheat first shone with green brilliancy above the half-frozen ground. Then the days when it took a gray tinge as it first bent before the wind. Then those hard, later days, when the clouds poured forth no showers and the poor farmer saw the points of the tender green shoots growing yellow and seared, and all the days of hope and growth, the days when John Barleycorn's wonderful history was being enacted. No wonder we are sad for them, though these days are more beautiful, when the turkeys ruffle their shining feathers among the stubble, and at our approach the litter of late-born shoots scurries squeaking away through the short wheat-stalks; when the squirrel no longer has the leisure to scold us for half an hour because we ventured near his habitation. Has he not his nuts to garner while the boys are still busy, and is there not grain to be stolen in the big barn? For a fortnight, too, the whistling cry of the coon has been heard in the darkness as he makes his annual raid on the green ears of corn, and though now the wood is a monotone of dusky green, the maidens' harvest of flowing leaves and brilliant berries of the burning bush will soon take the place of the golden rod and asters.

TOUCHSTONE.

Music.

The Roth Lyric Opera Company has continued playing its repertoire until Wednesday evening of this week. The operas played were *Amorita*, *The Mikado*, *Pinafore*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, and *The Chimes of Normandy*. *Amorita* is by Czibulka, whose authorship is unquestionably authentic; the melodies are light and trivial throughout, and seem always about to run into that hackneyed trifle, the *Staphane Gavotte*. It would be difficult to describe the plot of the opera, for I have never heard an aggregation of opera singers who so successfully hid the words they sang as the Roth Lyric Opera Company. In this respect they occupy an exalted position which, I hope, is unattainable by any other organization. I came away from *Amorita* with no clearer idea of the opera than was offered by the cast on the playbill, with the exception of the fact that divorces at will had something to do with the business. The poetical license allowed the builders of comic opera libretti was used in this instance to introduce Spanish students in an Italian territory. The four young ladies who personated these students were very goodly to look at, a fact emphasized by their costumes, which were much more liberal in the display of their beauties of figure than those of any Spanish students the world has ever seen. The same slovenliness of chorus singing which was characteristic of the *Black Hussar*, distinguished *Amorita*, and indeed all the operas sung by the company. Miss Nannie Lascelles enlivened the proceedings by some very clever dancing.

The *Mikado* and *Pinafore* completed last week's repertoire. Of these the former was very well put on. Mr. Herbert, of course, was inimitable as Koko, and Mr. Burnham's *Mikado* left nothing to be desired. The Nanki Poo of Mr. Lyding was a very fair effort, and if the air, *A Wandering Minstrel*, I, or left out of account, he may congratulate himself upon having won the good will of his audience. Hard continuous work is beginning to tell upon his voice, which is so pleasing that I hope to hear that he has decided to give it a year's rest from stage work, while he gives it the same term of additional cultivation. Miss Lily Post, also, suffers from overwork. It is no light matter doing eight operas in one week, and

especially when one is so conscientious a worker as Miss Post is. Her Yum-Yum was exceedingly good, although there is a mannerism all her own which runs through all the characters she plays. The *Pinafore* put on by this company was the most complete faked I have ever seen put on by an opera company. The dresses worn by Sir Joseph Porter's lady relatives were very largely the same used in the *Black Hussar*, and you never saw a shabbier lot of sisters, cousins and aunts in Sullivan's much abused opera. The sailors wore all sorts and conditions of shoes and sailor suits; the Middy wore an A. B. S. dress, and the Captain sported an illustrated dress coat. The scenery was the house ship set, and even Sir Joseph Porter was tawdry and shabby. As the appearance, so was the singing. The greatest success of the *Pinafore* revival was the really excellent dancing of Miss Nannie Lascelles as the Middy.

It was this same *Pinafore* that was so much to blame for the decadence of English opera on the American stage, and for the decadence of the musical taste of American theater-goers. When *Pinafore* came out, unprotected by the safeguards of copyright and stageright, afterwards so jealously guarded by Gilbert and



FRANK B. LAWSON.

Sullivan, every company of actors that had a singer or two on its roll took the opera up, and the country was flooded with singing actors rather than with acting singers. The pretty though commonplace music took the popular taste and held it, as did also the actors who sang it. The production of better operas did not mend matters much, for what was gained in better music was lost in worse performers, and comic opera has not yet recovered from the "set back" of 1879. There are to day singers in prominent opera companies in receipt of handsome salaries (when the ghost walks regularly) who would not have been tolerated fifteen years ago. To all appearances the day of regeneration is by no means near, although much good has been done by the American Opera Company, the Juch Opera Company, and the Bostonians and Boston Ideals. To further confuse our already bad state of affairs the farce-comedy came into vogue, and the good opera companies are having a hard time, suffering as they do from the apathy caused by indifferent singing and poor orchestras, which makes even the opera-lover slow to spend his dollars before he knows that what he will see and hear is good.

An unsophisticated writer in the *Canadian Musician* for August comes out with the Utopian suggestion that the two vocal societies should be fused into one, and asked if some amicable arrangement could not be arrived at whereby the two conductors might be retained and the work divided between them? Fancy the Haslam lion and the Buck lamb lying down together! It would be just lovely. This writer truly says that the "nigger-in-the-fence" in the way of such an arrangement is the conductor. But why bother about the conductor at all? Why not throw the conductor overboard and let Mr. George Mueson and Mr. D. E. Cameron draw lots and decide which president shall conduct the joint chorus? Then the sensibilities of the conductors will be equally hurt and there will be no heart-burning about the other fellow being preferred. Try it.

September has come and the teachers are getting to work again, while the energetic committees of societies are girding up their loins to lay out the season's programmes. All of last year's societies are going to participate in the work, except perhaps the Choral Society, which seems to be moribund. This is a pity, for this society in its twelve years of life did good work, not only in itself, but also by providing a healthy stimulus to its elder sister. I have heard it muttered that the Philharmonic Society will not do any special work this year as a society, but will endeavor to arrange a musical festival and confine its energies to that sphere. We should all like to see a festival, but I question whether such an enterprise could be a success if conducted within the narrow lines of any one society.

The first desideratum of a musical festival is a large and effective chorus. The flag of the Philharmonic Society will prevent many good choristers now connected with other societies from enlisting under its folds, while a general festival chorus would be free from this objection, no matter who the conductor might be. And there need be no doubt as to the selection of a conductor. Mr. F. H. Torrington was so successful at the festival of 1886 that no one would dream of suggesting any one else. His great power of hammering the music into a big chorus, his energy and his magnetism all combine to make him the chorus master for such an enterprise. This being conceded, it would be much better to make the festival a general movement rather than a restricted one, especially as the guarantee list must always form an important factor in the management of a festival. The engagement of a complete orchestra to assist in the programme would free Mr. Torrington's hand to such a great extent that he could give much more time and pains to his chorus than before, and produce even a greater success than was achieved in 1886.

Mr. Frank B. Lawson, whose picture is given

to-day, is a young Hamiltonian who has been very successful in Chicago as a baritone singer. He sang with great acceptability at the Carlton Street Methodist Church a few weeks ago, and his genial manner has made many friends in Toronto.

I have received the fifth annual calendar of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, being for the season 1891-92. It is a very comprehensive brochure, tastefully printed and full of information concerning the details of this popular institution. The departments of instruction cover every branch of music, and a very important school of Elocution and Oratory has been added, which is now fully organized under the direction of S. H. Clark. The Conservatory will, as heretofore, have Mr. Edward Fisher as musical director. The session opened on Tuesday, September 1. METRONOME.

The Drama.



week.

The Roth Lyric Opera Company made a further stay of three days at the Grand this week, and save for a noticeable lack of discipline in the company the performances went off well. Messrs. Herbert and Burnham made many friends in the city during their visit, and the dancing of Mr. Herbert's piquant little wife, Nannie Lascelles, won all hearts.

On Thursday night Manager Kirchmer of the Academy, during the opening performance at that theater, was the recipient of a handsome diamond testimonial from the employees of the Academy, with an address welcoming him to his new post. The affair was a complete surprise to Mr. Kirchmer, but he recovered himself sufficiently to return thanks in a pleasing little speech.

The Royal Midgets is the title of a company composed chiefly of dwarfs. It is an organization similar in plan to the Lilliputians. It is yet to be seen whether it is similar in talent. The charming Harrison sisters will be members of the company. Others engaged are Admiral Dot, Major Doyle, Captain Hurd—notice the *diminution*—Captain Liable, Commodore Foote, Queens Foote, Jennie Quigley, Sadie Belton, and Fairy Belle. Robert Fraser is to direct the stage. The play to be produced is a musical extravaganza by McKee Rankin and Archibald Gordon. It is called *Gulliver's Travels*. The tour will begin on September 7 at the Academy of Music.

Donnelly and Girard, two old favorites of Kate Castleton's company, present *Natural Gas* at the Grand next week. It is said to be "excruciatingly" funny.

Richard Mansfield has at last made definite announcement of a change in his Garden Theater programme. On Thursday night, September 17, he will produce *Nero*, an historical tragedy written for him by T. Russell Sullivan of Boston. Sullivan's treatment of *Nero* is chiefly original, although he has drawn from the Roman histories and the Italian dramas of Costa and Gazzoletti. *Nero* is shown in his later days, in all his fierce cruelty, cowardice, vanity, and vice. Of course Mansfield will produce the play elaborately.

Jerrold, all his life long, bitterly protested against the fashion of translating and adapting, which excluded the work of native writers and gave a reputation to men for work which they had not originated. Talking once with Mr. Planche (a noted adapter of plays) on this question, Planche insisted that some of his characters were original. "Don't you remember," he said, "my baroness in *Aak No Questions*?" "Yes, indeed, I don't think I ever saw a piece of yours without being struck by your barrenness," was the reply.

Archibald Claverling Gunter's *Miss Nobody* of Nowhere, will be staged within a year, it is announced. It is probable that the company acting Mr. Barnes of New York will present it.

The following sketch deals with an artist, not exactly in the legitimate: "What'll it be, gents?" asked the collarless waiter in Red Scar Lafferty's Bijou Palace of Song, to two rural-looking youths as they seated themselves at a table close to the little stage.

"Nuthin', just now," said one of the pair, and the other shook his head. "Well, it ain't on tap," replied the waiter with harsh scorn; "an' this here show's for thirty people, not for chair warmers. What youse two wants is a nice long walk, an' you'll find it down on the beach."

The two young men slowly walked out of the shed, and the waiter leaned against the upright piano and remarked to the weary performer on that instrument, "All them jays are like the camels up to Central Park."

"How so?" queried the piano player. "My cousin was up there Sunday, an' he bear a party givin' it straight to his kids. Camels has hundreds of stomachs, an' each stomach has its own tank, an' when the camel goes out in the desert to hunt for the dates it feeds on, it fills each tank, and so don't have to waste no time lookin' for a spring of water when it feels dry. That's like them jays. They fills their tanks with water, and comes down here a pleasin' and never calls the waiter."

"Hully Gee!" said the piano player, with emphasis, "wouldn't I like to be a camel and live in a brewery!"

Then a man in a shiny dress suit came out from the wings and announced, "The Dooley Bruders, one at a time."

Dooley Brother No. 1, wore green tights, a cardinal plush waistcoat, cut low, a blue and white striped shirt with a huge collar, no cravat, no coat and a badly battered bathing hat,

He carried himself and a thin rattan cane with an ivory leg handle with equal jauntiness, and instantly sang in a voice that caused more than twenty passersby to pause and listen:

I'm-e-e me mother's pride,
I'm-e-e me mother's joy;
I'm ever by 'er side,
When'er she needs 'er boy.
Life is fuller quicksand,
Dangers crowd around,
When'er your mother needs your aid-d-d-d,
Then you should by 'er side be found.

CHORUS:

Oh, I'm me mother's darling,
Her only boy—her pride.
And when she is in danger—then,
You'll find me at her side.

This filial sentiment evoked prolonged applause, which showed the places where the beer glasses had been emptied, and the waiter skirreled about calling: "What'll it be?" while the piano tinkled the interlude. After two more verses Mr. Dooley No. 1 retired, and when his reappearance was demanded the waiter said, in a loud voice: "No encores. Whatter yer want—de earth!"

Then the man in the dress suit announced: "The udder Dooley," and a figure suspiciously like Mr. Dooley the first came on, made up as a Dutchman, but with red chin whiskers, a *la* Celt. He sang:

Dot leadle sweetest vot I had,
She's runned herself away;
She's broke mine heart vich was so glad;
She's also took mine pay.

Oh voomans are de-coet-val,
Day fools you like a child;
Ven ere I tinks me of dot girl
I almost goes me wild.

Here he expressed his sorrow and despair by executing a few neat clog steps, and a young woman in the audience whose hair was down her back drying after a sea bath, said:

"Well, if that ain't the same party that sang before I'll never eat another frankfurter," then turning to the waiter she asked: "Am I right, Joe, or am I wrong?"

"Of course yer right," said Joe, "but, say, ain't he got the talent. Just youse wait an' see him do his turn as the twin Songbird Sisters; he's out o' sight in de dame act."

An actor stood on a shady corner of Broadway one morning congratulating himself that he was alive. He was dressed rather warmly for the season, and his hat needed renovating. Just as he was wondering whether he would better enjoy a drink or a shave on the spare fifteen cents that he jingled fondly about in his trousers' pocket, he espied another actor coming toward him, a fortunate, elegantly attired young man, who is playing a summer engagement, and dines every day.

"Say, where did you get those trousers?" he asked of this latter complacent personage, as he and his clothes drew near.

"London," was the reply.

"Well, they look like Waukesha," said the first actor.

The well-dressed man smiled and passed on, but was soon hailed from a doorway by a tall, cavernous-jawed tragedian, who shouted: "Say, where did you get those trousers?"

"London," was again the reply.

"Pretty tough, ain't they?" said the tragedian. "I've seen 'em like that in the one price stores out in Spokane Falls."

The young actor began to look disturbed, but he passed on. A little further along an undersized comedian espied him from the opposite side of the street, and came hurrying over, crying: "Why, my boy, how d'ye do? Say, where did you get those trousers?"

"London," the other softly answered.

"No!" exclaimed the comedian. "Well, they look more like Salt Lake City."

By this time the prosperous actor was annoyed. He kept on his way, only to be stopped in quick succession by four more impecunious professionals, who asked him where he got his trousers, and then assured him that they were very bad style. At last he turned and walked up town again, and when he reached the corner where the first actor had hailed him he found that dusty and disconsolate individual still there, wondering whether a shave or drink would be the better fifteen-cent investment.

"Look here," said he, going up to this puzzled and needy person; "is it a fact that these trousers of mine are bad form?"

"Oh, the worst I ever saw, my boy," was the reply. "Not up to your style at all. Now, I need a pair of trousers pretty badly, but really, I wouldn't—yes, I would, though, I must stifle these fastidious notions of mine. Yes, I would wear those trousers though I should hate to. But you! Oh, take 'em off, if you value your reputation."

The actor looked at the speaker sadly, and then, taking him by the arm, said: "Come on up to my rooms and I'll give you these trousers. I guess they must be pretty bad from the unanimity of condemnation that they have provoked. Come along."

The needy actor went, and a little later he received the congratulations of his friends who had assisted him in disfiguring the original owner of the trousers with his property.

"Ain't they beauties?" he exclaimed, posing in front of a bar-room mirror. "Oh, I spotted them a week ago, and I had to have 'em or die! And I've got 'em!"

The Author as a Side-Show.

Is it not, when one comes to think about it, carrying the charitable appeal to rather a shrill pitch to ask an author to make a free contribution of himself to what are known as author's readings? In the author's readings what attracts is usually, not the composition or the elocution, but the author's personality. The author's reading imposes upon the author the task of exhibiting, not his talents or achievements, but himself; of stepping before a company of curious spectators and showing them whether he is tall or short, fat or lean, fair or dark, well-clad or ill-clad, easy or awkward; whether he is the man they have fancied him in his writings, or whether he is not. So far as the nature of the service is concerned, the case were no different were he called upon to stand behind a brass rail at the Eden Musee, like the World's Rulers done in wax, and be scrutinized from crown to corn.

Chicago girl (to stranger who has taken her in to dinner)—I am going abroad soon and I want to get some points. Do you know anything about English law?

Stranger—I am an English barrister myself. Chicago Girl—Oh, how nice. Now, suppose a lord's wife gets a divorce, does she still have the title?

The Happy Hunting Grounds.

(Reprinted by Request.)

For Saturday Night.

Into the rose gold west the yellow prairies roll,
World of the bison's freedom, home of the Indian soul,
Roll out, O seas in sunlight bathed
Your plains wind-tossed and grass em-washed.

Farther than vision ranges, farther than eagles fly,
Stretches the land of beauty, arches the perfect sky,
Hemmed thro' the purple mists afar
By peaks that gleam like stars on star.

Fringing the prairie billows, fretting horizon's line,
Darkly green are slumbering wildernesses of pine,
Sleeping until the saphyrs throng
To kiss their silence into song.

Whispers freighted with odor swinging into the air
Russet needles as censors swing to an altar, where
The angels' songs are less divine
Than duo sung twixt breezes and pine.

Laughing into the forest dimples a mountain stream,
Pure as the air above it, soft as a summer dream,
O! Lethian spring thou'rt only found
Within this ideal hunting ground.

Surely the Great Hereafter cannot be more than this,
Surely we'll see that country after time's farewell kiss,
Who would his lovely faith concede?
Who envies not the Redskin's soul?

Sailing into the cloud land, sailing into the sun,
Into the crimson portals ajar when life is done?
O! dear dead race, my spirit too
Would fain sail westward unto you.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

So Was I Treated.

For Saturday Night.

It must be owned,
And the doctor bemoaned—
That a physician sometimes can't divine,
That life being lengthened
And the delicate strengthened
Depends on a drug for decline.

At least he is sure,
That in order to cure,
The duties you're doing must "drop,"
The walks you have taken,
The meal you would make in
The morning and evening shall "stop."

Then, when idleness
And following fretfulness
Have clogged and exhausted your frame,
By posies heart-action
He reduces refractory
An anti-spasmodic by name.

Fever and chill,
An occasional pill,
And the tender attendance of friends,
Pass the days and the nights
In a dream with its sights
All of death and the grave, when it ends;

Till, at last, he has found
A certain compound
With prodigious powers to heal,
Which, with watching and care,
And plenty of air,
A road to sound health will reveal.

Walks such as at first
Were pronounced as the worst
Are prescribed for each day "without fail;"
The very same diet
That caused so much riot
Is ordered—none else will avail!

In conclusion, I think
I won't medicine drink;
But take exercise in great measure,
This would be the place,
I believe, with the Race
Of the doctor's dralm on its treasure.

G. E. W.

Viola.

For Saturday Night.

How sweet to the ear is the sound of that name
No mortal save me e'er can tell,
'Tis the name of my faithful true-hearted queen
Whose fondness my heart knows so well.

As light from the ocean the darkness dispels
The gloom from my soul fades away,
When beaming with love her eyes smile on me
Dark night quickly turning to day.

What joy at the touch of her sweet rosy lips
Thrills fondly my heart's throbbing beat!
'Tis the smile of bliss, the key-note of love
So pure a delight, so free from deceit.

Heaven guard her from ill, ever cheerful and bright
Dear love of my soul, fond hope of my heart,
Till the darkness of death closes over her head
And God in his time do us part.

LUCIAN.

The Poet.

For Saturday Night.

In shirred sleeves the poet sits,
Within the shade from out the sun;
I wonder what the thought that flits
Across his brain, to grow and run
At glorious vagrant freedom down his mind,
And leave the porch and sun and shade behind.

Perhaps he dreams of ancient Greece,
Of heroes dead three thousand years—
If they did die—of Argos' fleece,
Of Grecian wrath and Helen's tears,
That may have been deserved—but then a rhymers' view
Of women won't bear probing—like my Muse.

Perchance the poet's thoughts incline
Unto a fair Miltian town;
He sees Leander breast the brine,
He sees fair Hero looking down;
The water holds the bridegroom, earth the bride—
A hero on the cliff—and on the tide.

With timid steps I then approach
Where sits the poet—side text—
And with some trepidation breach
The thing that has my mind perplexed.
My thoughts, he says, were just inside the cof.,
Where my wife mends the only coat I've got.

CHARLES GORDON ROSS.

Good-by, My Fancy.

Good-by, My Fancy!

Good-by, my Fancy!
Farewell, dear maid, dear love!
I'm going away, I know not where,
Or to what fortune, or whether I may ever see you again,
So good-by, my Fancy.

Now for my last—let me look back a moment;
The slower fainter ticking of the clock is in me,
Exit, nightfall, and soon the heart-thud stopping.

Long have we lived, joy'd, career'd together;
Delightful!—now separation—good-by, my Fancy.

Yet let me not be too hasty.
Long indeed have we lived, slept, filter'd, become really
blended into one;
Then if we die we die together (yes, we'll remain one),
If we go anywhere we'll go together to meet what happens;
Maybe we'll be better off and blither, and learn something,
Maybe it is yourself now really ushering me to the true
songs, (who knows?)

Maybe it is you the mortal knob really undoing, turning—
so new finally,
Good-by—and hail! my Fancy.

WALT WHITMAN.

Noted People.

Dr. Henry T. Helmbold, who made over ten million dollars out of patent medicines, and whose rivalry with Jim Flak in the line of vulgar street display was the talk of New York twenty years ago, is incurably insane.

Herr von Donner, a Hamburg merchant, is so grateful to Dr. Michelsen, of Wiesbaden, for the latter's successful treatment of his wife, that he has given two million marks for a hospital at Hamburg, Dr. Michelsen to be chief physician.

The Kaiserin likes to play lawn tennis; but however much she may be interested in the game, she keeps her eye upon William when he shows a disposition to stray away from the grounds and begin talking to any of the pretty girls.

The Duchess of Fife is attracting admiration from all England and Scotland by her conduct as a model mother. Following the example of Queen Victoria and the Empress Frederick, she is nursing her own baby, and may frequently be seen walking the streets of Brighton with her baby in her arms.

The wife of the late Edward Burgess, the yacht-designer, was a Miss Caroline L. Sullivan, of Columbus, O. She was descended from an old and aristocratic Virginian family, and was so beautiful a blonde that Fagnani, the Italian painter, chose her for the model of Erato, the muse of lyric and amorous poetry, in his well known picture of the nine muses.

David Barclay Chapman, who died in April last in his ninety-second year, was the son of Mr. Abel Chapman, one of the elder brethren of the Trinity House, who lived for ninety-seven years, and whose father, also Abel Chapman, was born in 1694, the year in which the Bank of England was founded and in which Mary, the wife of William the Third, died.

A curious little story of Mrs. Arthur Wilson of Tranby-Croft fame, comes from London. She was one of the guests at the Princess of Wales' garden party, and ordered for the occasion a dress of cream organdie, with shamrock leaves. When the costume arrived, it suddenly struck her that the shamrocks bore a striking resemblance to aces of clubs. "This will never do," exclaimed the destroyer of Sir William Gordon-Cumming. "If I go in that dress, it will look as if bacarat were written all over me."

The czar is a hard-working monarch. He is out of bed at seven o'clock, and his entire day is a busy one. He has a mania for learning even the smallest details of the operations of the government. In disposition he is melancholy and disinclined to society. The empress, in her fondness for dancing, has evening parties that bore her royal husband, and it is related that on one or two occasions he has sent the guests home betimes by touching an electric button and extinguishing all the lights in the room.

Prince George of Prussia, it is said, is on the high road to become as insane as his mother, the late Princess Louise, whose dementia took the form of aversion to clothing of any kind, and who, after creating a terrible scandal by escaping from her keepers several times in a state of absolute nudity, finally died a raving maniac. Prince George spends all his time in writing poems that find no purchasers, and plays that find no producers. He attracted considerable attention some years ago by the remarkable attentions with which he pestered the ex-Empress Eugenie during her stay at one of the South German watering places.

Daniel Lathrop, the Boston publisher, began his business career as an apothecary and without a college education. It was while thus engaged that his love of books led him to handle them also as a minor feature of his trade. After building up his drug business, in partnership with three brothers, who now conduct it after an association covering thirty-six years, Daniel decided to become a publisher; and as a preliminary step he made a tour of the country, visiting and studying the book stores in the various large cities.

Andrew Lang is some years older than the majority of his readers suppose him to be. He has reached forty-seven, and his hair is turning gray and growing scant. He is tall, thin, and dark, and has an unpleasant laugh. He talks slowly and with an effort, his conversation frequently falling into what they call, in England, the Oxford drawl. Lang is said to be working at a tremendous pace. He earns a large income, but there is little of it left for the bank after his heavy household expenses have been paid. Some of his American admirers are inclined to think that he writes too much.

A writer in the *Illustrated American* says the Princess of Wales is an inferior woman intellectually, and adds: "All of the princesses' warm admirers, who have access to her society, whisper the same thing behind their fans. She is a beautiful, sweet-tempered, gentle-hearted doll, without even the ordinary amount of intellect. Conversationally she is nil, and is not bright enough to seize even the most ordinary opportunities. In fact, so unfortunate have been several *contretemps* brought by this mental obtuseness, that a keen-witted lady-in-waiting is ever ready to watch the turn of events and give the princess her cue."

Miss Helen Vacaresco, the heroine, or victim, of the royal romance in Roumania, used to be a sort of *protege* of Victor Hugo. A volume of her poems was printed, but only privately circulated. The Queen of Roumania is not only a dabbler in literature herself, but she loves to be regarded as a great patron of arts and letters. So she sent for Miss Vacaresco to come to Bucharest and be one of her maids of honor. The Queen's heart was fully set upon the marriage of Miss Vacaresco and Ferdinand of Hohenzollern, the Crown Prince of Roumania. King Charles himself also strongly favored the match, and the two young people were most sincere in their devotion to each other. But the leading men of all parties stood together in assuring the king that Prince Ferdinand must renounce his hopes of reigning if he married Miss Vacaresco. The Prince has gone to Germany.

Lord Shrewsbury and Talbot, hereditary Lord High Steward of Ireland and Premier Earl of England and of the sister kingdom, at the age of sixteen had achieved a most unenviable

reputation in some shady horse transactions. In 1881, he eloped with Mrs. Mundy, a lady considerably older than himself and a relative of Lord Byron. After tamely submitting to a sound horse-whipping on the part of the outraged husband, he went peacefully off on a yachting expedition, in the Mediterranean, with the pretty Mrs. Mundy and two brothers of the latter, the Messrs. Morewood. On his return to England, Lord Shrewsbury, meeting old Mrs. Morewood (at the time his mother-in-law *de la main gauche*) at a railway station, he was the victim of a most ridiculous assault on the part of the old lady, who used her umbrella on the head and shoulders of England's premier earl, to the huge delight of the assembled crowd.

Miss Margot Tennant, the young lady with whom Emperor William rode in Rotten Row during his stay in London, and with whom he waited several times at the state ball at Buckingham Palace, is one of the most clever, brilliant, and popular girls in London society. Her father is an enormously wealthy merchant of Glasgow, who was created a baronet, some years ago, on the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, with whom Miss Margot is an immense favorite. It was she who was the life and soul of the yachting party organized for the diversion of Mr. Gladstone on the occasion when he visited Copenhagen and had an interview with the czar. The fair Margot, although no longer in the bloom of youth—she must be about twenty-nine—still remains an exceedingly pretty girl, always tastefully and yet originally dressed. Although a great heiress, it is not likely that she will ever marry.

Boulanger's financial situation is likely to be very seriously affected by the death of his *chere amie*, Mme. de Bonnemains. For the whole of the three hundred thousand dollars which she inherited about eighteen months ago from an aunt, is about to pass out of the hands of the general. Having no resources of his own, he will be reduced to something very much akin to penury. It is true that Mme. de Bonnemains made a will in his favor; but in the first place she possessed only a life interest in the property, which is invested in France, and secondly the outlawry of Boulanger would deprive him from inheriting anything whatsoever in France. Thirty-five years of age, tall and supremely elegant, Mme. de Bonnemains was an exceedingly attractive woman. Her features were as finely cut as a cameo, her eyes deep blue, her hair a golden brown. Her father was a naval officer, one of her sisters is married to Colonel Royat de Mandre of the artillery, at whose house she first met Boulanger, while her husband, from whom she was divorced, was a son of the well known general, Comte de Bonnemains.

Snap Shots.



HE politicians on a recent Friday at Ottawa held a "Merry War," and nothing was too harsh or discordant for either side to say. Even Devlin was requested to keep order, take a drink and quit his noise, by Mr. Daly. "Go, soak your head Daly." "It's a good thing to have a head to soak, Mr. Devlin, yours is a pimple." Mr. John Daly would never have ventured to make such a remark had he known the rattling opening he left for Mr. Devlin's remarkable repartee. "I admit mine is a pimple like yours Mr. Daly, with this difference, mine has some good matter in it. Yours has none."

One of the amusing things to visitors at Hanlan's Point this summer has been the marvelous oratorical productions poured forth with such a combined wealth of thought and language by the famous and only Connors who usually introduces to the confiding public "Zanzaro" or "Dare Devil Jack" and "the world-renowned and lustrious star of the flying trapeze, whose hazardous feats have been attempted by few on either hemisphere, and never certainly has been excelled by anybody. One extraordinary and most wonderful feature I wish to call your special attention to this evening, ladies and gentlemen (I don't mean the \$2.50 dudes when I say this), is what is called by the acrobatic profession all over the world at large, the 'dead drop.' That is leaving the top trapeze with the head down and catching the lower trapeze in the 'downward descent.' This gigantic performance has never before been accomplished by any other living human man or woman in Europe or America. Thanking you kindly, ladies and gentlemen, we will now proceed." He turns with a wistful optic on the bandstand and gives an imperial and majestic wave of his gray sombrero, and then—the band plays.

Edison's remarkable invention, the phonograph, is an attraction that causes untold jollity for the soothless mass that nightly promenade the Point. It seems almost a devilish instrument when one can hear the steamboats toot at Cooney Island and at the same time have sweet strains of a cornet solo with variations played by the celebrated Levy from the top of the Elephant Hotel, the band playing his accompaniment below, and at the pause of every variation fourteen people can hear perfectly distinctly the crowd's encores, shouts, cheers, and the small boy's whistle. The instrument can produce six hundred times the most difficult classical selections by some of the most famous bands in America. The last of these melodies I remember was that touching and plaintive hymn, The Whistling Coon, or He Ain't in It.

A FACT.

A few days ago two well known journalists left their offices and visited an uptown restaurant (time two a.m.) to fortify the inner man with a few of the luxuries of the season. A short time after entering they were awaiting

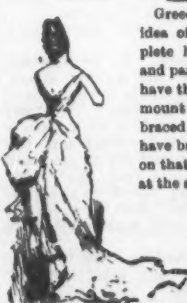
the ordered viands, when one of them observed a "household pest" meandering quietly over the tortuous labyrinth of brilliant whirligigs on the wall. They were astonished and called the proprietor's attention to it. "What is that, landlord, and where did it come from?" Pointing his index finger at the animalcule the proprietor said, "A *Globe* representative." "What's that you say?" "A *Globe* representative." "Why give it that name?" "Because the first time I ever noticed one of them in my house was when a newspaper man came in here and did me up for beefsteak and onions, and consequently I call them that ever since." "Well, you know, that's hardly square on the *Globe*." "No matter about that, it's the 'first paper' I could think of."

It seems strange that a fellow when popping the question to his girl usually has to let himself somewhat go to waste when "pressing her" for an answer. This is a "fair" "all round" joke because it has no point.

"Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost" is a very old adage, and is particularly well illustrated by a story told of Lawrence Barrett and Miss Cushman. One miserable bleak night in winter they were coming out of the theater and noticed the steps covered with ice. Miss Cushman said "Hold me tight, Larry, if I should slip, hang on like death; but should you slip, in heaven's name, let go."

While in Ottawa some time ago, some friends and myself visited the fishery exhibit formulated principally from the collection sent to the Colonial Exhibition in the Mother Country, and were shown around by some individual who claimed to know it all but who in reality knew as little about the various species as we did, our knowledge being decidedly meagre. Among other curiosities pointed out to us was a "white whale" from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, weighing fifteen hundred pounds. We asked him innumerable questions of which he could answer, so to have a little joke, we at last inquired if the whale had been white-washed. He suddenly turned his back on such frightful ignorance and left us to paddle our own canoe. In the basement of this building are the fish incubators, where millions of fish are annually hatched to be distributed among the various lakes, rivers and streams to propagate fish stories of tall dimensions and ponderous belief for the amusement of sportsmen in coming generations. Apropos of fish yarns: One of the boys has just returned, I believe, from somewhere near St. Anne de Belle View, and while there some friends made him a present of a lot of valuable fishing spoons and tackle. He, like a boy with a new toy, must go and sample the fishes in Lake of the Two Mountains. He trotted for two hours and caught nothing, while all around him were men pulling them in every few moments. This he could stand no longer and yanked his spoon near the boat to find it flying around O. K., paddled another hour and no catch, so he pulled up his line to find he had never taken the corks off the hooks. Then he went ashore and bought at the French village market a long string of "poison," and among them one weighing about 64 pounds. On returning home his friends became suspicious and they all wanted him to explain how it was possible for him to catch such a large fish with such a small line. "Well," said he, "to tell you the truth, boys, I never in my life had such a hard time landing a fish. I would pull it in a little, then let it have all the line I had and then in about an hour he was so played out that I towed him into the shallows, you know, near the sand bars in about a foot of water, jumped overboard and threw him into the canoe." That evening some friends were invited from Montreal to dinner and the 64 pounder was placed on the table, when one of the visitors remarked he had caught hundreds of them in the salt waters of the River Sagunay. The host swore he would never tell a fresh water fish yarn again, and asked everyone present never to mention it, as a particular favor. About a week subsequently he was dining at the Clarendon Hotel when this story came up, and everyone roared and thought it a capital joke. He didn't think it funny at all so the story was recited again for his benefit, and he never smiling, his friends asked him the reason he thought there was nothing comical in it. "Because, boys, I was the fool who forgot to take the corks off the hooks and the liar that bought the fish."

Delsarte Physical Culture.



Greece did not err in having the idea of beauty, harmony and complete human perfection as present and paramount. It is impossible to have this idea too present and paramount; only the moral fibre must be broad too. And we, because we have braced the moral fibre, are not on that account in the right way, if at the same time the idea of beauty, harmony and complete human perfection is wanting or misapprehended amongst us; and evidently it is wanting or misapprehended at present.—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"All things visible are the expressions of an interior spiritual essence." Delsarte regarded the human body as an instrument only through which the inner man may be expressed. An instrument governed by the individual, the body stands as a symbol of man. If, then, the body be not trained there must be a lack of harmony between it and the mind—between the inner and the outer; for it must be remembered that every expression is but a sign of an under state. The soul may possess many latent beauties which cannot find expression because the instrument is out of tune. In order, then, that these beauties of soul and mind may find utterance, an education of the body is necessary, the machine must be put into good working order, it must become elastic; all stiffness and angularity must be got rid of; all mannerisms rooted out. The body is merely the representative of the soul. That does not mean, however, that the body can be made to represent another person's soul; only superficiality and affectation could be the result of such an



The Kiss.

From Clara's soft lip her fond swain by sur-
prise
In a moment of glee boldly ravished a kiss.
"I never—how dare you!" offended she
cries—
"Was there ever such impudence heard of
as this?"
"Oh, pardon, sweet maid, on my knees I en-
treat,
Nor frown so severe," urged the terrified
swain;
"If e'er the sweet trespass I dare to repeat
May the smile of those lips never bless me
again."
"Then see that you don't," said the pardon-
ing fair,
"For I cannot endure such a beard on my
skin;
And if ever you do so again, I declare,
I wish you'd be sure that you have a smooth
chin."
H. R. LEE.

attempt. This system of training is intended to free our own souls, and to enable us to give outward expression to that which is most noble and true and beautiful within.

Athletics will not produce symmetry and grace; they must be founded on æsthetic principles, else they will result in an over development of some part at the expense of some other. Ordinary physical exercises develop action in straight lines, while the Delsarte training develops in lines of changing curve.

Nothing can give an air of greater dignity and good breeding than a fine walk. The art of walking should be taught to all as carefully as the art of reading. Before learning to walk one must learn to stand, to poise. Many will tell you that to stand correctly is easier than to stand otherwise; but with the majority the ease is an acquired, not a natural one. The body must become accustomed by practice to the shifting of the center of gravity, otherwise those who have been used to standing on the heels will feel as if about to fall forward on their faces. The length of time required for these disagreeable sensations to disappear will depend partly on the temperament of the person, but greatly on the persistency with which the exercise is practiced. Conscientious practice will bring satisfactory results, and instead of the shuffling, waddling, rolling and striding we see everywhere—the dragging of the torso after the limbs, we shall have the body well poised, the chest held well up, with a light graceful forward motion. The Greeks knew how to value this accomplishment—for it is a rare accomplishment. A Greek said to his Athenian master whom he was trying to save from pursuit by impersonating him, "Alas, my master, I shall betray you to your enemies by my ungainly walk, for I have not been trained in the gymnasium to walk as the nobles."

AGNES CRAWFORD.

Oa Country Girls and Others.



KNOW why? Of course we know why. It is the sweet absence of the theater that makes one linger in New York now. If you have an eye in an apartment house you need not go to the mountains. You shall see Broadway in *neglige* if you are observant. She has loosened her girdle. The annoyance of society has been removed. The summer is Bohemian. We middle-aged philosophers flirt now with the vacuum. Our princesses are enjoying the balcony at Newport and Lennox. Our matrons are preserving their unbridled decorum in black silk at Bar Harbour. We are left to our own resources. Keep it dark. It is at such priceless moments that New York uncovers to the deserted man all its hidden treasures. It has depths of summer gardens, where maidens hide among oleanders, and roofs, swept by the night winds; where country cousins look up at the stars and pat their russet shoes in time with the "torch dance." It is the moment when we shed our responsibilities upon a watering place, and sit unencumbered among the girls, who steal in as soon as the hay is raked. Dear little Mahomet, they know that we cannot go to the mountain. Panting, cherry-ripe summer hours in the city; mad reveries on the Staten Island boat, thrummed to the Nirvana of July by Italian strings; Casino nights gurgling themselves away in limpid beer; Musee matinees. Ah! what a silken jostle of hay-smelling maids, ox-eyed and laughter-shedding! Fourteenth street of an afternoon is like an English fair. The great bazaars are jound with rural health. And our cousins—sweet collective alias that—they know when we are bereft. They always come trooping in when we need female society. We have to take them to the Eden Musee, don't we? It is the first thing they ask for. Then they have to eat an Italian *table d'hôte* dinner, and try to drink claret—that is what the Italian restaurateur always calls it—and make us believe it's nice to have everything taste of macaroni and garlic. They always say "gosh" in an undertone at the chamber of horrors, and don't object to come down to our office so they can ride up with us after business hours. I confess I stay in town with a keen luxury, for I like the country cousin. I like her in a whole-souled discreet way. She flirts with a comic afflatus. She has a few freckles on her nose. But bless your soul, they are the marks of heaven's arrows where Sol shot his health at her. She has a liquid twilight in her eye, as if some of the arrows had stuck by her. Her laugh is a cascade of innocence. When she eats strawberries with a spoon she doesn't giggle and cut the berries in two and stab them as if they were little masculine hearts, and she did it to accommodate us. She is six months behind in the way she wears her hair, but no man objects to that. He wishes to heaven that every woman was six years behind. He hates bangs instinctively, and frizzes tickle him and give him a nervous chill. The country cousin seems to know this instinctively. There is a frank-

ness about her hair that invites confidence. Some inscrutable sense tells you that if you examine it the roots will turn out to be the same color as the rest. Then she never has the laundried air of the city girl. Do you know what I mean by the laundried air? Let me digress a moment. Have you ever noticed how clean health is? Vitality doesn't need as much soap as invalidism, and it provides its own scent. If you have kept horses and dogs you know this. The moment they are soiled they are ill. Did you ever notice how high health radiates from a person? It is an atmosphere. It goes with the person like a nimbus. The artificial life is continually scrubbing itself up to appearances. It suggests corrective Turkish baths, sea salt, apollinaris, vaseline, dyes, and inscrutably protective harness. To come back to the cousins, I suppose I like them because they are vital and not specially intellectual. This shows you how incorrigibly masculine I am. There is no use in my trying to hide it—I am. I'm just brute enough to prefer girls who have the divine endowment of a girl. I give them my best feelings at once, and keep my awe-struck respect for the intellectual miss who takes Turkish baths and reads Ibsen. I belong to the primordial masculine brute, who has been collapsed since time began by the indisputable and indefinable not-male and doesn't care a raparie in his comic soul for star-blown intellectuality in skirts. I ought to be shut up in the Massachusetts Insane Asylum, for this, I know; but here I am, and here goes. All men are more or less Fausts, with an eye to Gretchen, but all men do not treat them as Faust did, because there is no longer an accommodating devil at their elbow. That perfect soul unity of the Brownings—two poets on a single stem, two minds that beat as one—is not human. It belongs to the golden or paradisaical age. Poets are built that way, not men and women. I find that your nature's brute does not want to marry a critic or a philosopher, and he does not fall in love with an angel. He wants a girl who will think that everything he does is the acme of perfection because he does it. There is a divine absence of reason about this operation that takes him off his feet. The natural adjustment of man and woman must be after the divine plan, through antithesis and not through similarity. It is not equality; it is relativity that cements them. Nature's stimulus is the unlike. The adjustment is a moral one, never a physical or intellectual. For my part, I like a girl who is an atmosphere, not an abstraction. She doesn't bring her cut-and-dried superiority on a silver salver. She merely persists, like music, and puts life in tune. Blessed be girls untouched by the azure craze—how intuitively they adjust themselves to nature's scheme! They just flow into their destiny, if you don't meddle with their girlhood. And how admirably they are rewarded with the protective, chivalrous obsequence of men for it. Haven't you seen this problem work itself out a thousand times? Haven't you seen intellect, precocity, smartness, fashion, art, affection, talents, and money pale their combined charms in the presence of some girl in a muslin dress, who caught all eyes, enmeshed all the masculinity in the room, and walked off in her heavy shoes with all the desires? She had more girl to the square inch than the rest, that was all. It got into her ill-fitting gown and gave it a glory that no artist could match. Every undulation of it was a law of beauty. Her sex was in her bones and in her blood. She never had to think about it. Her unconscious pulsance came through all wrappings like a magnetic current. These are your true summer girls. They come to town when our other girls are building themselves up at the springs. They come like a burst of larks. They have the shimmer of a tropic afternoon; there is corn and wine and oil in their faces. Their lips are the cherries of the season; there is heat lighting in their eyes, and the glad rivulet is in their laughter. They bring the outdoors with them in their spirits. Blue-eyed and black, they have the summer morning with a chair in it, or the summer midnight, big with dreams, in their glances. June is in their joyousness and August in their kisses. Rally boys. Make hay while the sun shines. In a little while the regulars will be back, and we shall have to put on our dress coats and listen to Howells, and go to the opera and spend our hard-earned money on coupes. Now is the harvest of girl.

NYM CRINKLE.

Jake's Reason.

CORA TO JAKE.
DEAR JAKE.—Come to-morrow evening, sure. Pap is at home, but is laid up with a sore foot. See?

JAKE TO CORA.

DEAR CORA.—I can't come to-morrow evening. I am laid up on account of your papa's sore foot. See?
—New York Herald

Good Authority for It.

Mr. F. Humbleigh Blakey—I didn't like what Thorley said about the Blakey coat-of-arms, that it was too elaborate to be very ancient. Miss S.—Don't mind him. That only shows his ignorance. Why, the D'Agincourt have borne it for centuries.

She—Mrs. Shaveinwoot says she is descended from one of the noble families of Saxony. He—I shouldn't wonder. All the family plate is German silver.

Her Love.

Written for Saturday Night.

"Think of her, your wife," she is saying mournfully, "and remember I can never be anything to you."

"But my darling," he says brokenly, "say you love me—no one else."

"Heaven help me," the girl says, "I do."

"My darling," the man says passionately, clasping her to him, covering her face with kisses. "My darling, why mind what the world will say. Why not go away with me and never come back, and we too shall be happy always. Imagine the misery of seeing you day by day and knowing that you are not mine."

"Hush!" she answers sobbing. "I cannot. Do you not realize how life would be. You would have to give up home, friends, all for me. Not for a short time only, but always. Even if you were willing I could not let you sacrifice your life for me."

"Dear one," he says gently. "I am willing. No more the anxious look do you call sacrifice my life for you. But—reproachfully—I am afraid you do not love me or you would consent."

"No, Harry."

"I could not love thee dear so much I loved I not honor more."

"But,"—commences Harry eagerly.

"Go," she interrupts fiercely, "do not tempt me to lose my most sacred possession—my honor."

She goes rapidly to the door and before he can detain her has left the room.

I shall take a short space and describe to my reader the people of whom I am writing you. The girl was the only daughter of Squire Ullerton. She was tall, with golden brown hair and blue eyes, and a delightful manner all her own.

Her father, sometime before, had met Harry Dallas, and being very much taken with him, invited him to stay for the shooting at Ullerton.

Mr. Dallas was a very handsome man; in fact the ideal man of a young girl's dream. He had crowned all other follies of his life by falling in love with pretty Dorothy Ullerton. Neither the squire nor Mrs. Ullerton had any idea of the state of affairs.

The rest of the house party consisted of a Miss Grace Campbell, a very dark, dashing little girl, plump and bright, but with none of her cousin's (Dorothy's) winsome beauty. Next in order Mr. Tom Welwood, the squire's particular chum, and Mr. Godfrey Mahone, commonly called Paddy.

I must bore my readers by telling them a little more of the personal history of Mr. Dallas. He had, when quite a young man, married a woman a few years older than himself—a designing woman who had made love to him for his money. The poor man had not a happy moment while he lived, so by mutual agreement they went their own different ways.

It was shortly after the scene we have just described when Grace, who very much to Paddy's chagrin was trying to draw Mr. Welwood into a flirtation, heard the dressing bell and hurried off to get dressed, and leaving Dorothy's room went to her father's study. She found her cousin lying on the sofa crying.

"What is the matter, my dear girl?" asked Grace, greatly distressed. "What is the matter? Do tell me. Can I help you in any way?"

"No thanks," answered Dorothy, controlling herself by a strong effort. "There is nothing wrong with me."

"Are you sure? Is there nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Well," says Grace slowly, "if there is nothing wrong do hurry up and dress or you will be late. Shall I ring for Martha?"

"Thanks dear."

Then Grace left to attend to her own dressing. While at dinner the squire, quite unconscious of Dorothy's embarrassment, said, "Well, Dolly my dear, you look ill. Do you feel all right?" Harry looked across the table very anxiously at her. She managed to falter out, "I have a slight headache."

After dinner Mrs. Ullerton has her usual "forty winks." When the men come in the squire and Mr. Welwood draw out the chess table. So the young people are left to themselves. Dorothy is persuaded by Grace to sing, and chooses "Good-bye, and sings it in a way that astonishes her listeners. Never have they heard her sing with so much passion before:

"What are we waiting for, oh my heart! Kiss me straight on the lips and part. What are we waiting for, you and I, Good-bye forever, good-bye, good-bye."

As she finishes the last word her hands drop on the piano and rising abruptly she leaves the room, and going out under the willows leans her head upon her hand, while a look of unutterable despair steals over her face.

Suddenly she has a footstep and looking up sees Harry standing beside her.

"Why did you come?" she asks, brokenly. "Only to torture me!"

"I came," he says passionately, "because I love you, because I am miserable when I am not with you. My dear, more gently, I came to implore you to listen to my appeal."

"No," she answers firmly, "never. Have you considered the disgrace that will fall on my father and mother who love me? She would be your wife. What would I be?"

"Hush," he interposes sternly. "You would be my wife in the sight of heaven. We love, were made for each other. If I were not tied to that woman I loathe her. I, who when a mere boy, met her and with the foolishness of youth imagined it made a man of me to be flattered and sought by a woman older than I was. And now, my heaven! I am tied to her for life."

"Dear," said Dorothy, very gently, laying her hand on his bowed head. "Remember she is your wife."

"Can I forget it? I remember it every hour of the day, every second. If only I could forget it; but she hangs like a mill-stone around my neck."

"You must never speak to me of this again," she says, gently. "Never again."

"Good heavens!" he says, passionately. "How can I stand the long, long years without you. Never see you again—never look upon that sweet face and—say yes, yes—with sudden passion—"I will have some to remember."

He seizes and presses her to his heart, and for one short, happy moment her head lies on his breast and he covers her face and neck with kisses.

At last, remembering herself, she gathers all her strength and wrenches herself free. "Go," she says, faintly. "Go at once, and never let me see you again."

He leaves her before he again loses his self-control, and when he has left she returns to her old position.

She has been there a very short time when Grace comes along with Paddy. Dorothy can hear their conversation before they reach her.

"Sure," Paddy is saying. "Sure now I wish we could be here forever, you and I."

"Do you?" says Grace, coldly. "I don't imagine living in perpetual moonlight. How awfully weary one would get of seeing the same trees and the same scene day after day. No thanks, I would rather it did not last forever."

"But Miss Grace, I would not care for the scenery; I would only look at you."

"Worse and worse," says Miss Grace, banteringly. "I appreciate the great honor you do me but notwithstanding I am afraid I must decline." As she sees Dorothy:

"Well, my dear, how is the headache?"

"It's all right, dear," saucily answers Paddy. "Go away, cheeky boy," laughs Grace.

"I am afraid it is worse," Dorothy says. "I think I shall go into the house."

"Very well, we shall go too," says Grace, not heeding Paddy's frantic attempts to stop her. They find every one preparing to go to their rooms. Harry Dallas brings Dorothy a bed-

room candle and finds time to whisper, "My dear, as you seem determined not to come with me, let me see you at the old oak tree in a quarter of an hour."

"No. Go away and never let me see you again."

"You cannot love me or you would want me to stay."

Dorothy does not answer, but taking her candle goes quietly out of the room.

Three weeks have passed. Three weeks of anguish to Dorothy. Three weeks of joy for Grace—who is engaged to Paddy. Harry Dallas left Ullerton the morning after the last interview with Dorothy. As to-day is a hunting day they are all up early at Ullerton.

The squire and Paddy are looking very "fretful" in their fresh pink. Dorothy, though a little paler, is handsomer than ever in her tightly fitting habit. The squire and Paddy bring up the rear. Mrs. Elsmere, a pretty little widow, dashes up Dorothy when they get on the hunting field. The squire leaves her with Mrs. Elsmere and is soon in a hot discussion with some of his cronies on the political questions of the day. Suddenly in the midst of Mrs. Elsmere's gossip the hounds lead off. Her horse, which is very fresh, it being the first time it has been ridden on the hunting field, throws up his head and starts off in the opposite direction on a gallop. Dorothy is the only one who sees it, as the others were in advance of them. She sees that Mrs. Elsmere's horse is making for the chalk-pit. Dorothy without a second's hesitation puts the whip to her horse and cuts across the triangle to head the horse off. She sees her friend's horse in the distance. It is ahead of her. She settles firmly in the saddle and again applies the whip. Heavens! will she never gain it! She still gallops on and arrives at the last fence a little before Mrs. Elsmere. Dorothy's horse bounds lightly over the fence, but comes down heavily on the other side, tries to gain her footing but fails—crash—with Dorothy under him.

Mrs. Elsmere dismounts quickly and tries to cut Dorothy out. Suddenly the fallen horse rolls over and with a slight convulsion dies. Its back is broken. Just then the huntsmen ride up. The squire is nearly crazy when he sees his only child lying there so cold, so white. A doctor who is on the field examines her and after a short pause says: "My dear squire, prepare yourself for the worst. Miss Dorothy—a week—a day perhaps, is all she can live."

"My God," says the squire, brokenly. A gate is quickly taken off its hinges and Dorothy is borne back to her home, the home she had left so full of life only a short time ago.

Grace and Paddy, knowing nothing of the accident, returned home to find Dorothy, the loved one, at death's door. The grief of Mrs. Ullerton was fearful to witness. Dorothy some hours afterwards, seeming to realize how ill she is, says to her mother, who is bending over her, "Send for Harry."

"Harry Dallas, I must see him before I die," she again relapses into unconsciousness. Mrs. Ullerton telegraphs for Harry. She knows it will be at least half a day before he can come, but prays he may be in time.

Dorothy regains at her senses and inquires faintly if Harry has come. Finally she regains consciousness.

"Mamma," she whispers, "is Harry coming?"

"Yes, dear," answers Mrs. Ullerton, and then unable to control herself any longer, commences to weep.

"Hush! dear mother," says Dorothy, "do not cry—all is well with me. I shall die happy if only I see Harry to bid him good-bye. Ah! listen—he is coming—he is here!"

It is indeed Harry. He has reached the room. His face is ghastly pale. He goes to the bedside, and dropping on his knees, takes her hand in his.

"My God!" he says, brokenly, "is there no hope?"

"None," she says, "but I am content to die."

"You shall not die," he says, wildly. "It's not right, nor just, nor—"

"Hush! dear, I am happier than I have ever been. Kiss me, dear. Kiss me good-bye. He lays his lips gently on hers.

"Lift me up," she whispers.

He puts his arm under her and lifts her up. "Ah! I see the golden city," and her face was glorious for a moment.

Then she turned and looked into his face, and smiling such a lovely, tired smile as might have lit up her face when as a baby girl she fell asleep on her mother's knee, she died with her head upon his shoulder—the shoulder of the man who had been guilty of so much wrong to her. And for those few moments when the divine presence hovered so close to him, who shall say that Harry Dallas did not become a better and purer man.

WARREN.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in after August 15. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Questions, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

GUYRE, Belleville.—See rules.

CONSTANT READER, Morrisburg.—See rules.

ETHEL CARLTON, ALICE CASHMAN, LOU ARTHUR and JOHN VERRON.—See rules.

EVER GREEN.—Your writing has been declined. I cannot take time to hunt up the date to-day. You should look out for answer.

GLADYS M., REINA, SOPHIA H., SNOWBALL, and PEARL are five young women who do not need my rule, or they would not ask me to write for them. I am sorry to hear of their delinquency.

SORROW.—Writing shows some pride and dignity, sensitiveness and sharp judgment, a little temper and lack of optimism. You are tenacious and persevering, and have sufficient energy, though sometimes wasted in needless effort. H. T. N.—You are kind and courteous, good-tempered and perhaps a little studied and set in manner and thought. You have good intuitive perception, love to be praised, and deserve praise; but your greatest trait, are sufficiently persevering, truthful, and rather self-willed.

SCORPION.—Persevering, hopeful, fond of fun, a little self-willed, with good perception and a kindly nature, apt to speak before you think, fond of society and a pretty face, also of an argument; this is the best I can do from nine words, but your graphology, even in so small a specimen has a very decided character.

MAC.—You are fond of a joke, rather original and have decided talent, good perception, amiability, perseverance, energy, and though rather peculiar in your methods are mainly governed by good sense. I find rather a tendency to be swayed by opinions of others and some wasted effort. That is the sort of man you are, Mac.

FRUIT.—Your writing shows want of consistency in opinion and action, and variable judgment, your opinions being easily swayed by outside influences. You are not very practical, though true and kind; have some originality and talent, but are not likely to make great use of it. I dare say you will be true to your name through life, and gain love and respect.

MAX, Hamilton.—See rules. From the lines accompanying your own and friends' questions, I find you have a tendency of purpose, good energy, hope and candor, excellent judgment, good temper, rather a matter-of-fact and business-like way of looking at life's happenings; think a good deal of yourself and have some excuse for doing so; have quick perception and some taste.

CLOTH.—1. Writing shows deliberate action, idealism and some sense of humor, rather an original and independent mind, some generosity, great good temper, consistent in word and deed. 2. A young girl who is reliable and admirable study. 3. A young girl who is not "out" does not need visiting cards. She can put her name on her mother's if she wishes, but it is not usually done.

HAT.—I re-read your charming little letter to-day, with a quiver of conscience that it had lain so long unanswered. My dear little housekeeper, you have my warmest sympathy and I hope you have some through the summer season. I can scarcely imagine you with all that responsibility. I suppose your farm has been, like all of its kind, a great success this year. I never remember a better fruit year. I am coming your way this fall, and shall perhaps

(without knowing it) pass by your door. Write whenever you feel like it.

FAIRNESS.—The rhymes are first rate for the small girl, all but the quotation at the last. I think it is a bad thing to make light references to what some consider a very awful and irrevocable doom. If I were writing for my little niece I'd skip these four last lines entirely. Your writing is very careless, Frankie, and not a very good study, but as you have called me "sweet" I must do something with it, you know! You are undecided and impulsive, loving and extravagant, fond of fun and full of mischief, and doubtless very popular. I really cannot make a proper deduction from your fantastic little wiggles.

R. S. B.—For enclosure please see rules. Your own writing shows self-will and an egotistic impulse. As you have taken the trouble to print your capitals you have spoiled the study. You are candid to the verge of rudeness, strong in like and dislike, easy-tempered and fit-humored, rather practical than idealistic. You are not hopeful nor have you much dignity, and you waste time and strength which you might save in careless and undisciplined effort. I am not in the least afraid of you, but as you are to Mother Earth, as you anticipate, by this delineation, if you had been more reasonable it would have been better.

PERK PERRY.—I am very glad to put your name on my list of correspondents. Your writing shows a good deal of action and decision, you are sometimes impatient, and rather hard to please, lacking in buoyancy and averse to caste-delineation, though you have your ideals; you have originality and talent, and though not large-hearted or disposed to bestow your liking indiscriminately, you would be a true and valuable friend. I don't think you are suave in manner or at all backward in asserting your opinions, and you can speak up pretty sharply if need be. This was really my "earliest opportunity."

NELLIE.—Individuality, mirth, good humor, rather an enterprising and fearless disposition, an impulse at once upward and outward, rather a lack of perception and intuition, which makes writer sometimes appear unsympathetic and self-engrossed, though such may not be the case. She has, however, rather a strong sense of loyalty. Her friends are few, though to the few she is very loyal. Nellie might with profit study more the opinions and feelings of others and adapt herself slightly to them, for though her independence is breeding and healthy it can be just as undesirable when clothed in gentleness and tact. Now, there you are as your writing presents you, mademoiselle!

EVYEN ST. CLAIR.—1. It is rather late to answer your question about the summer dress, but for careful wear, white flannel has been a favorite, and those dainty-figured delaines and bengalies were very popular. 2. Do not know, sounds like Bertha M. Clay or Mary J. Holmes. 3. Unless the person has some special training for it in the shape of disease, it is decidedly beneficial. 4. Why should I be annoyed at your questions? They were sensible, and intelligently worded. 5. Your writing shows care and love of neatness, mirth and hopefulness, some desire for praise, great amiability, gentleness of manner, good taste and some sympathy and perception. In a few years your character will develop into something very good, if you are earnest and painstaking.

DAFNEY.—1. My dear and odorous flower, how could you have read the Correspondence Column for four or five years! I don't believe your worthy SATURDAY NIGHT has even been in existence so long as that, and certainly this column is only of much more recent birth! 2. Certainly, it is quite proper for the gentleman to ask the lady's permission, but I don't think the lady should, except in unusual circumstances, ask a gentleman to call on her. Were she greatly his senior or superior, or were he a stranger who had been commended to her kindness, she would be right in doing so, but not otherwise. 3. Your writing shows refinement and energy, some love of self, tendency to unfinished work, and lack of thought. You are generous, unselfish, kind and sweet-tempered, and have a genuine enjoyment of fun. Some of your ideas are impractical and exaggerated, but generally pretty clear and just. You lack hope and would fare poorly in trouble or distress. Sorry your answer was so long in reaching you. Your letter was mislaid.

SAPPHO.—Your writing is, first of all, very good and very bad. Can it be that the opposite ends of human nature have met in you? Are you an amiable yet hot-tempered, kind and selfish, hopeful and happy in disposition and yet subject to fits of sadness, when your own acts will be your undoing? Or do you understand how to take the world and its inmates; have talent to manage, and perseverance and tact to win them, but here and there is a line of unreliability and a want of consistency that is almost want of principle. You have energy when it suits you, but could not live without your happy. Please don't think I am finding out all your bad points, because I have really been most interested and attracted by your writing. 2. I have not the least idea what are the necessary qualifications of a journalist on a daily. 3. Journalism as a profession is fine, if you have good pay and a reasonably decent staff under your hand, otherwise it is like any other drudgery, I should fancy. It's one of the quickest occupations to reduce one to one's proper level, and tone down one's erratic impulse known on earth.

Two Phases of Every-day Life.

"Here's Mr. McAleer," said the bartender's daughter, aged eight, as she put her hand under the half door at the Harvey Home, and a moment later Mr. McAleer walked slowly in and sat down at a table in the corner.

"Mornin'," said the bartender; "how is yourself?"

"Worse," said Mr. McAleer. "Me arm was terrible bad last night. Say, how is them iron rings for rheumatism?"

"Mrs. Mulrain said they done her a whole lot of good," said the bartender, taking a small comb from his waistcoat pocket and carefully arranging his large red mustache. "There was a fellow up to your place tried to kill himself last night I was hearing."

"Did kill himself," said Mr. McAleer.

"One ale, two lagers and an Irish. All right gents," said the bartender, cheerily, as four men walked in and stood before him. "Who did that time I ever knowed an Irishman to kill himself," said one of the drinking men.

"Here's fortune," said the bartender, and drank about an inch of beer from a bar tumbler. "What'd be matter wid youse people? I didn't shake sizes?" said one of the drinking men.

"Ah, youse bum," said the other three, speaking as one. And then a violent altercation ensued as to who should pay for the round.

"Mamie! Mamie! come here," called the bartender.

"What?" said the child, and again put her head under the half door.

"Take Mr. McAleer over his clam broth," and the child carefully carried a mug of steaming liquid over to the table in the corner.

"That's very nourishing," said Mr. McAleer, and drank the boiling broth with a wink; then he walked slowly out and up the street until he came to 34. Here a group of children sprawled upon the step and an ash barrel stood beside the door. Mr. McAleer made his way through the children into a narrow passage-way which led into a small court (sanctified solely by a dead kitten).

At the further end of the court an open door disclosed a flight of narrow and winding stairs, and up these he slowly proceeded, stopping and breathing heavily at every landing. At length at the fourth floor he paused and banged loudly with his clenched fist upon a door at the head of the stairs.

Sounds of shuffling came from within, and a stout woman with her hair down her back opened the door.

"Come in, Mr. McAleer," she said, and he walked in.

In the middle of the room a large caldron stood upon the stove. Upon a lounge in one corner a girl about twenty years old lay sleeping. Her hair fell about her face and she was barefooted.

"Get up, Mag," said the stout woman, and the girl, lifting herself up, coughed dimly.

"She's not long for this world," said the stout woman.

"No," said Mr. McAleer, and sat down on the window sill. "You are in great trouble, Mrs. Ryan," he continued.

"Yes," said the stout woman, "but the doctors say that Patsy will live. His pulse is stronger, and I'm making him some vegetable broth against his being able to eat."

"What was the reason for his act?" said Mr. McAleer, and he began to grind some tobacco in the palm of his left hand.

"Oh, well, he not drinking the whisky. If he'd only stick to the beer! And thin he come home and I went into the back room, and I heard Mag give a shriek, and when I came in there was Patsy flat on the broad of his back, and his mouth and feet and clothes was all green."

"Good be wid ye all," and then I sent Katie Mulrain for the ambulance."

"How long have he and Mag been married?" said Mr. McAleer, rising slowly to his feet.

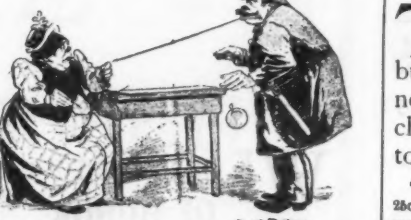
"Two year this St. Patrick's day," said the stout woman.

"She'll die," he continued, indicating the girl upon the lounge with his thumb.

"She will," said the stout woman.

And Mr. McAleer walked slowly out.—N. Y. Sun.

The Apple-woman's Yarn; or, on Fogarty's Beat.



We Will Tell You How to Save a Few Dollars Travelling to New York.

You have a beautiful sail across the lake by the staunch steamer Empress of India, which leaves Geddes' wharf at 3.40 p.m. daily, except Sundays, connecting with the Erie Railway solid train from Port Dalhousie, continuing on \$5.40; Toronto to New York, round trip, \$18.20. You can also leave via Grand Trunk at 1.10 p.m., 4.55 p.m. and 11 p.m. On the 4.55 p.m. train the Erie run a handsome vestibule Pullman sleeper, Toronto to New York. Dining cars attached to all trains for meals. For tickets and full information apply to agents, Empress of India and Grand Trunk, S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street East, Toronto.

Her Unkindness.

"I was kicked by a horse when I was little and knocked senseless," said Chappie.

"How soon do you expect to recover?" asked the cynical Maude.

She Was a Swimmer.

He (in the boat, excitedly)—What can I do to help you?

She (in the water, calmly)—Stay in the boat.

A Boston Case.

He—Are you quite sure that you love him?

She—Yes, indeed! Why, I thought of him right in the midst of my Browning, to day!

S. JACOB'S OIL

Cures RHEUMATISM, Lumbago, Headache, Toothache, NEURALGIA, Sore Throat, Swellings, Frost-bites, SCIATICA, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds. Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

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DIAMOND VERA-CURA

FOR DYSPEPSIA AND ALL Stomach Troubles, INDIGESTION, Nausea, Sour Stomach, Bile, Giddiness, Heartburn, Constipation, Fullness, Food Rising, Disagreeable Taste, Nervousness.

At Druggists and Dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 boxes \$1.00) in stamps.

Canadian Depot, 44 and 46 Lombard St., Toronto, Ont.

Wabash Line.

The banner route. Only 14 hours Toronto to Chicago, 24 hours to St. Louis, 35 hours to Kansas City. Quickest and best route from Canada to the west. The only line running the Palace-Reclining Chair Cars (seats free) from Detroit. Finest sleeping and chair cars on earth. Ask your nearest ticket agent for tickets and time tables via this line. J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

His Perception.

Mr. Leslarde (of Chicago)—That there picture of a pig is splendid, sir, splendid—never saw anything so true to life. I do believe you're the very man to paint a portrait for me.

Misunderstood.

Rustie (having ascended the steps of the Elevated for the first time)—Ain't this grand! Ticket Chopper—Naw—next station uptown. This here's Canal.

Too True.

The world may forgive us for being weak and foolish but it never condones our superior lity. That is the unpardonable crime.

AGREEABLE.—There is nothing more refreshing during the warm weather than a little Persian Lotion mixed with the water before washing in the morning. Those who have once tried it will not do without it.

A Valuable Formula.

Pemberton—I'd like to know some way of asking a father for his daughter, so that I wouldn't feel badly in any event.

Refusal.—I don't like him to give you the refusal of her.—Kate Field's Washington.

RECAMIER

\$1.50 per Jar

CREAM

An Infallible Remedy for the Complexion

The only preparation of its kind endorsed by eminent Chemists and Physicians, and used by the leading artists of the world.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from either of the Canadian offices of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul street, Montreal, and 50 Wellington street East, Toronto. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices.

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THE DEALERS are buying from our sale of 3,000 Albums faster than others. You never saw such fine Albums so cheap before. We advise our customers not to let pass the chance.

"Acme" Shoe Polish, 15c, Tabor Self-wringing Mop, 25c. Do not miss our Book sale—Best American edition, paper covers, all the great authors, three for 25c; well bound, 10c., and best cloth bound, 25c.; full sets of George Eliot, Scott and Dickens, and others very cheap; Macaulay's History of England, three volumes, \$1.58 per set.

We are pushing down prices in all directions. School Books and School Supplies reduced from 20 per cent. to 100 per cent. Store open evenings. Come and buy goods cheap.

W. H. BENTLEY.

"How are you?" "Nicely. Thank You."

"Thank Who?" "Why the inventor of SCOTT'S EMULSION"

Which cured me of CONSUMPTION. Give thanks for its discovery. That it does not make you sick when you take it.

Give thanks. That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned cod liver oil.

Give thanks. That it is such a wonderful flesh producer.

Give thanks. That it is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Coughs and Colds.

Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.</

Her Love.

Written for Saturday Night.

"Think of her, your wife," she is saying mournfully, "and remember I can never be anything to you."

"But my darling," he says brokenly, "you love me—no one else."

"Heaven help me," the girl says, "I do."

"My darling," the man says passionately, clasping her to him, covering her face with kisses. "My darling, why mind what the world will say. Why not go away with me and never come back, and we too shall be happy always. Imagine the misery of seeing you day by day and knowing that you are not mine."

"Hush!" she answers sobbing. "I cannot. Do you not realize how life would be. You would have to give up home, friends, all for me. Not for a short time only, but always. Even if you were willing I could not let you sacrifice your life for me."

"Dear one," he says gently, "I am willing. No more than anxious to do what you call sacrifice my life for you. But—reproachfully—I am afraid you do not love me or you would consent."

"No, Harry."

"I could not love thee dear so much
Loved I not honor more."

"But,"—commences Harry eagerly.
"Go," she interrupts fiercely, "do not tempt me to lose my most sacred possession—my honor."

She goes rapidly to the door and before he can detain her has left the room.

I shall take a short space and describe to you the people of whom I am writing. The girl was the only daughter of Squire Ullerton. She was tall, with golden brown hair and blue eyes, and a delightful manner all her own.

Her father, sometime before, had met Harry Dallas, and being very much taken with him, invited him to stay for the shooting at Ullerton.

Mr. Dallas was a very handsome man; in fact the ideal man of a young girl's dream. He had crowned all other follies of his life by falling in love with pretty Dorothy Ullerton.

Neither the squire nor Mrs. Ullerton had any idea of the state of affairs.

The rest of the house party consisted of a Miss Grace Campbell, a very dark, dashing little girl, piquante and bright, but with none of her cousin's (Dorothy's) winsome beauty. Next in order Mr. Tom Welwood, the squire's particular called Paddy, and Mr. Godfrey Mahone, commonly called Paddy.

I must bore my readers by telling them a little more of the personal history of Mr. Dallas. He had, when quite a young man, married a woman a few years older than himself—a designing woman who had made love to him for his money. The poor man had not a happy moment while near her, so by mutual agreement they went their own different ways.

It was shortly after the scene we have just described when Grace, who very much to Paddy's chagrin was trying to draw Mr. Welwood into a flirtation, heard the dressing bell and hurried off to get dressed, and passing Dorothy's room went in for a few minutes' chat. She found her cousin lying on the sofa crying.

"What is the matter, my dear girl?" asked Grace, greatly distressed. "What is the matter? Do tell me. Can I help you in any way?"

"No thanks," answered Dorothy, controlling herself by a strong effort. "There is nothing wrong with me."

"Are you sure? Is there nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Well," says Grace slowly, "if there is nothing wrong do hurry up and dress or you will be late. Shall I ring for Martha?"

"Thank dear."

Then Grace left to attend to her own dressing.

While at dinner the squire, quite unconscious of Dorothy's embarrassment, said, "Well, Dolly my dear, you look ill. Do you feel all right?" Harry looked across the table very anxiously at her. She managed to falter out, "I have a slight headache."

"After dinner Mrs. Ullerton has her usual 'forty winks.' When the men come in the squire and Mr. Welwood draw out the chess table. So the young men are left to themselves. Dorothy is persuaded by Grace to sing, and chooses Good-bye, and sings it in a way that astonishes her listeners. Never have they heard her sing with so much passion before."

"What are we waiting for, oh my heart!
Kiss me once on the cheek and on the brow!
What are we waiting for, oh my heart!
Good-bye forever, good-bye, good-bye."

As she finishes the last word her hands drop on the piano and rising abruptly she leaves the room, and going out under the willows leans her head upon her hand, while a look of unutterable despair steals over her face.

Suddenly she hears a footstep and looking up sees Harry standing beside her.

"Why did you come?" she asks, brokenly. "Only to torture me?"

"I came," he says passionately, "because I love you, because I am miserable when I am not with you. My dear, more gently, I came to implore you to listen to my appeal."

"No," she answers firmly, "never. Have you considered the disgrace that will fall on my father and mother who love me? She would be your wife. What would I be?"

"Hush," he interposes sternly. "You would be my wife in the sight of heaven. We love, we made for each other. If I were not tied to that woman I loathe her. I, who when a mere boy, met her and with the foolishness of youth imagined it made a man of me to be flattered and sought by a woman older than I was. And now, my heaven! I am tied to her for life."

"Dear," said Dorothy, very gently, laying her hand on his bowed head. "Remember she is your wife."

"Can I forget it? I remember it every hour of the day, every second. If only I could forget it; but she hangs like a mill-stone around my neck."

"You must never speak to me of this again," she says, gently. "Never again."

"Good heavens!" he says, passionately. "How can I stand the long, long years without you. Never see you again—never look upon that sweet face and kiss you, but—with sudden passion—" "I will have some to remember."

He seizes and presses her to his heart, and for one short, happy moment her head lies on his breast and he covers her face and neck with kisses.

At last, remembering herself, she gathers all her strength and wrenches herself free. "Go," she says, faintly. "Go at once, and never let me see you again."

He leaves her before he again loses his self-control, and when he has left she returns to her old position.

She has been there a very short time when Grace meanders along with Paddy. Dorothy can hear their conversation before they reach her.

"Sure," Paddy is saying. "Sure now I wish we could be here forever, you and I. I don't imagine living in perpetual moonlight. How awfully weary one would get of seeing the same trees and the same scene day after day. No thanks, I would rather it did not last forever."

"But Miss Grace, I would not care for the scenery; I would only look at you."

"Worse and worse," says Miss Grace, banteringly. "I appreciate the great honor you do me but notwithstanding I am afraid I must decline." As she sees Dorothy:

"Well, my dear, how is the headache?"

"It's all right, dear," anxiously answers Paddy. "Go away, cheeky boy," laughs Grace.

"I am afraid it is worse," Dorothy says. "I think I shall go into the house."

"Very well, we shall go too," says Grace, not heeding Paddy's frantic attempts to stop her. They find every one preparing to go to their rooms. Harry Dallas brings Dorothy a bed-

room candle and finds time to whisper, "My dear, as you seem determined not to come with me, let me see you at the old oak tree in a quarter of an hour."

"No. Go away and never let me see you again."

"You cannot love me or you would want me to stay."

Dorothy does not answer, but taking her candle goes quietly out of the room.

Three weeks have passed. Three weeks of anguish to Dorothy. Three weeks of joy for Grace—who is engaged to Paddy. Harry Dallas left Ullerton the morning after the last interview with Dorothy. As to-day is a hunting day they are all up early at Ullerton.

The squire and Paddy are looking very "fetching" in their fresh pink. Dorothy, though a little paler, is handsomer than ever in her tightly fitting habit. The squire and Dorothy start off together, Grace and Paddy bring up the rear. Mrs. Elmsere, a kindly little widow, takes up Dorothy's attention when they get on the hunting field. The squire leaves her with Mrs. Elmsere and is soon in a hot discussion with some of his cronies, on the political questions of the day. Suddenly in the midst of Mrs. Elmsere's gossip the hounds lead off. Her horse, which is very fresh, it being the first time it has been ridden on the hunting field, throws up his head and starts off in the opposite direction on a gallop. Dorothy is the only one who sees it, as the others were in advance of them. She sees that Mrs. Elmsere's horse is making for the chalk-pits. Dorothy without a second's hesitation puts the whip to her horse and cuts across the triangle to head the horse off. She sees her friend's horse in the distance. It is ahead of her. She settles firmly in the saddle and again applies the whip. However, I will not never gain it. She still gallops on and arrives at the last fence a little before Mrs. Elmsere. Dorothy's horse bounds lightly over the fence, but comes down heavily on the other side, trying to gain her footing but fails—crash—with Dorothy under him.

Mrs. Elmsere dismounts quickly and tries to cut Dorothy out. Suddenly the fallen horse rolls over and with a slight convulsion dies. Its back is broken. Just then the huntmen ride up. The squire is nearly crazy when he sees his only child lying there so cold, so white. A doctor who is on the field examines her and after a short pause says: "My dear squire, prepare yourself for the worst. Miss Dorothy—a week—a day perhaps, is all she can live."

"My God," says the squire, brokenly.

A gate is quickly taken off its hinges and Dorothy is borne back to her home, the home she had left so full of life only a short time ago.

Grace and Paddy, knowing nothing of the accident, returned home to find Dorothy, the loved one, at death's door. The grief of Mrs. Ullerton was fearful to witness. Dorothy some hours afterwards, seeming to realize how ill she is, says to her mother, who is bending over her, "Send for Harry."

"Harry Dallas, I must see him before I die."

She again relapses into unconsciousness. Mrs. Ullerton telegraphs for Harry. She knows it will be at least half a day before he can come. He prays he may be in time.

Dorothy regains her senses at intervals and inquires faintly if Harry has come. Finally she regains consciousness.

"Mamma," she whispers, "is Harry coming?"

"Yes, dear," answers Mrs. Ullerton, and then unable to control herself any longer, commences to weep.

"Hush! dear mother," says Dorothy: "do not cry—all is well with me. I shall die happy if only I see Harry to bid him good-bye. Ah! listen—he is coming—he is here he reached the house. His face is ghastly pale. He goes to the bedside, and dropping on his knees, takes her hand in his.

"My God!" he says, brokenly, "is there no hope?"

"None," she says, "but I am content to die."

"You shall not die!" he says, wildly. "It's not right, nor just, nor—"

"Hush! dear. I am happier than I have ever been. Kiss me, dear. Kiss me good-bye."

He lays his lips gently on hers.

"Lift me up," she whispers.

He puts his arm under her and lifts her up. "Ah! I see the golden city," and her face was glorious for a moment.

Then she turned and looked into his face, and smiling such a lovely, tender smile as might have lit up her face when as a baby girl she fell asleep on her mother's knee, she died with her head upon his shoulder—the shoulder of the man who had lain been guilty of so much wrong to her. And for those few moments when the divine presence hovered so close to him, who shall say that Harry Dallas did not become a better and purer man.

WARREN.

Two Phases of Every-day Life.

"Here's Mr. McAleer," said the bartender's daughter, aged eight, as she put her hand under the half door at the Harvest Home, and a moment later Mr. McAleer walked slowly in and sat down at a table in the corner.

"Mornin'," said the bartender; "how is yourself?"

"Worse," said Mr. McAleer. "Me arm was terrible bad last night. Say, how is them iron rings for rheumatism?"

"Mrs. Mulrain said they done her a whole lot of good," said the bartender, taking a small comb from his waistcoat pocket and carefully arranging his large red mustache. "Say," he turned suddenly round, "there was a feller up to your place tried to kill himself last night I was hearing."

"Did kill himself," said Mr. McAleer.

"One ale, two lagers and an Irish. All right," said the bartender, cheerily, as four men walked in and stood before him. "Who did you say it was?" he continued, speaking over the heads of his customers.

"Mag Duffy's husband, they said up to the house. I seen the ambulance at the door, but I didn't take no interest," said Mr. McAleer wearily. "How long Mrs. Mulrain wear them rings?" he continued.

"First time I ever knowed an Irishman to kill himself," said one of the drinking men.

"Here's fortune," said the bartender, and drank about an inch of beer from a bar tumbler. "What'd be matter wid youse people? Didn't I shakin' and drinkin' me the drinkin' men?"

"Ah, youse bum," said the other three, speaking as one. And then a violent altercation ensued as to who should pay for the round.

"Mamie! Mamie! come here," called the bartender.

"What?" said the child, and again put her head under the half door.

"Take Mr. McAleer over his clam broth." And the child carefully carried a mug of steaming liquid over to the table in the corner.

"That's very nourishing," said Mr. McAleer, and drank the boiling broth without a wink; then he walked slowly out and up the street until he came to 34. Here a group of children sprang upon the step and an ash barrel stood beside the door. Mr. McAleer made his way through the children into a narrow passage-way which led into a small court (named solely by a dead kitten).

At the further end of the court an open door disclosed a flight of narrow and winding stairs, and up these he slowly proceeded, stopping and breathing heavily at every landing. At length at the fourth door he paused and he saw a stout woman with her hair down her back opened the door.

"Come in, Mr. McAleer," she said, and he walked in.

In the middle of the room a large caldron steamed upon the stove. Upon a lounge in one corner a girl about twenty years old lay sleeping. Her hair fell about her face and she was barefooted.

"Get up, Mag," said the stout woman, and the girl, lifting herself up, coughed dismally.

"She's not long for this world," said the stout woman.

"No," said Mr. McAleer, and sat down on the window sill. You are in great trouble, Mrs. Ryan, he continued.

"Yes," said the stout woman, "but the doctors says that Patay will live. His pulse is stronger, and I'm making him some vegetable broth against his being able to eat."

"What was the reason for his act?" said Mr. McAleer, and he began to grind some tobacco in the palm of his left hand.

"Oh, well, he got drinkin' the whisky. If he'd only stick to the beer! And thin he came home and I went into the back room, and I heard Mag give a shriek, and when I came in there was Patay flat on the broad of his back, and his mouth and toes and clothes was all green. I've took Paris green," he said; "God be wid ye all," and then I sent Katie Mulrain for the ambulance."

(without knowing it) pass by your door. Write whenever you feel like it.

FRANKIE.—The rhymes are first rate for the small girl, all but the quotation at the last. I think it is a bad thing to make light references to what some consider a very awful and irrevocable doom. If I were writing for my little niece I'd clip these four last lines severely. Your writing is very careless, Frankie, and not a very good study, but as you have called me "sweet" I must do something with it, you know. You have understood and sympathized, loving and extravagant, fond of fun and full of mischief, and doubtless very popular. I really cannot make a proper delineation from your fantastic little wiggles.

R. B. B.—For enclosure please see rules. Your own writing shows self-will and energetic impulse. You are taking the trouble to print your capitals you have spoiled the study. You are candid to the verge of rudeness, strong in liking and disliking, easy-tempered and of hand, rather practical than idealistic. You are not hopeful nor have you much dignity, and you waste time and strength which you might save in careless and undisciplined effort. I am not in the least afraid you will be "crushed to Mother Earth," as you anticipate, by this delineation. You had been more reasonable if it would have been better.

FRANK.—I am very glad to put your name on my list of correspondents. Your writing shows impulse, affection and decision, you are sometimes impatient, and rather hard to please, lacking in buoyancy and averse to caste-building, though I don't think you are really original and talent, and though not large-hearted or disposed to bestow your liking indiscriminately, you would be a true and valuable friend. I don't think you are suave in manner or at all backward in smothering your opinions, and you can speak up pretty sharply if need be. This was really my "earliest opportunity."

NELLIE.—Individually, mirth, good humor, rather an enterprising and fearless disposition, an impulse to once upward and onward, rather a lack of perception and intuition, which makes writer sometimes appear unsympathetic and self-engrossed, though such may not be the case. She is, however, rather chary of her good opinion and her friends are few, though to the few she is very loyal. Nellie might with profit study more the opinions and feelings of others and ask herself slightly to them, for though her independence is bracing and healthy it can be just as valuable when clothed in gentleness and tact. Now, there you are as your writing presents you, mademoiselle!

EVAN'S ST. CLAIR.—It is rather late to answer your question about the rumour dream, but I have a white flannel has been a favorite, and those dainty-fingered delinques and benigues were very popular. 2. Do not put words like "Bend" or "Clay" or "Mary J. Holmes" in. Unless the person has some special usefulness for it in the shape of disease, it is decidedly unbecoming. 4. Why should I be annoyed at your questions? They were sensible, and most intelligently worded. 5. You care and love of neatness, mirth and hopefulness, some desire for praise, great amiability, gentleness of manner, good nature and some sympathy and perception. In a few years your character will develop into something very good, if you are earnest and painstaking.

DAPHNE.—1. My dear and odorous flower, how could you have read the Correspondence Column for four or five years! I don't believe your worthy Saturday Night has even been in existence so long as that, and certainly this column is only of much more recent birth! 2. Certainly, it is quite proper for the gentleman to ask the lady's permission, but I don't think the lady should, except in unusual circumstances, ask a gentleman to call on her. Were she greatly his senior or superior, or were he a stranger who had been recommended to her, she would be right in doing so, but not otherwise. 3. Your writing shows refinement and energy, some love of self, tendency to unfinished work, and lack of thought. You are generous, impatient, kind and kind-hearted, and have a genuine enjoyment of fun. Some of your ideas are impractical and exaggerated, but generally pretty clear and just. You lack humor and would fare poorly in trouble or distress. Sorry your answer was so long in reaching you. Your letter was mislaid.

SAPHIRO.—Your writing is, first of all, very good and very nice. Can it be that the opposite of nature and nature have met in you? Are you amiable and yet hot-tempered, kind and selfish, hopeful and happy in disposition and yet subject to fits of cynicism, when your own acts will be your undoing? You understand how to take the world as it is; you have talent to manage, and perseverance and tact to win them, but here and there is a line of unreliability and a want of consistency that is almost wasteful of principle. You have energy when it suits you, but could live without very happily. Please don't think I am finding out all your very points, because I have really been most interested and attracted by them. 2. I think not the least idea what are the necessary qualifications for a journalist on a daily. 3. Journalism as a profession is, as you have good pay and a reasonably decent staff or under you, otherwise it is like any other drudgery. I should fancy. It's one of the quickest occupations to reduce one to one's proper level, and tone down one's erratic impulse known on earth.

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"How long have he and Mag been married?" said Mr. McAleer, rising slowly to his feet.

"Two years this St. Patrick's day," said the stout woman.

"She'll die," he continued, indicating the girl upon the lounge with his thumb.

"She will," said the stout woman.

And Mr. McAleer walked slowly out.—N. Y. Sun.

The Apple-woman's Yarn; or, on Fogarty's Beat.

Wabash Line.

The banner route. Only 14 hours Toronto to Chicago, 24 hours to St. Louis, 35 hours to Kansas City. Quickest and best route from Canada to the west. The only line running the Palace Bedding Chair Cars (seats free) from Detroit. Finest sleeping and chair cars on earth. Ask your nearest ticket agent for tickets and timetables via this line. J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

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Misunderstood.

Rustic (having ascended the steps of the Elevated for the first time).—Ain't this grand! Ticket Chopper—Naw—next station up town. This here's Canal.

Too True.

The world may forgive us for being weak and foolish but it never condones our superior ity. That is the unpardonable crime.

AGREEABLE.—There is nothing more refreshing during the warm weather than a little Persian Lotion mixed with the water before washing in the morning. Those who have once tried it will not do without it.

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"Of course I do," growled her father; "now, who in the world has put the idea of marriage into your head? What's his name?"
"O, he hasn't asked me yet, but—well, you know."
"Yes, I know all about it, and I warn him that he'll know more about it if he comes looking around you any more. Now, what do you want to think about such a thing as that for, Nellie? Haven't you the best home in the world?"
"O, yes, papa; but it would be awfully nice to be engaged, I think."
"How nice?"
"O, nice to have a young man coming to see you every evening."
"Humph! I'd like to catch him coming to see you every evening."
"And it would be nice to have a pretty diamond ring."
"Haven't you enough rings?"
"Well, I haven't a solitary."
"Pen," said her father, seriously, "if I buy you a solitary ring will you promise faithfully to give up all thoughts of this young man?"
"Yes, papa," she answered.
"Very well, then; remember your promise. You shall have the ring to-morrow, although it's a sad piece of extravagance," groaned the old gentleman, walking painfully out of the room.
"Well," said Penelope to herself, as the sound of his retreating footsteps died away, "I may not be smart, but I think that's the easiest way to get a diamond ring I've heard of yet. I must tell the other girls."

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Out of Town.

NIAGARA ON THE LAKE.

Miss Kingmill's dance of last Wednesday evening was decidedly the social event of the season. A line of the ever indispensable Chinese lanterns bordered the gravel sweep from the gate to the house, while upon entering a glance revealed a beautifully waxed floor, a profusion of golden rod, water lilies and other natural flowers everywhere. The supper table, loaded with delicacies of every description, was also very prettily decorated with lilies and golden rod. Among those present were: Miss Hardy, Mr. Bunting, Mr. Mackay, Mr. and the Misses Houston, Mr. Hill, Mr. and the Misses Thomson, Mr. and Mr. Herbert Syer, Mr. Foulkes, the Misses Geale, Mr. Gordon and the Misses Howard, Mr. G. Brooke, Mrs. W. A. Dickson, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mr. J. and the Misses Russell, Mr. W. and the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Miss Boulton, Mr. Rykert, Mr. D. Palmer, Mr. Vatable. The evening was a delightful one, and although dancing was continued until two o'clock or later, the guests departed most reluctantly, unanimous in the opinion that it had been a thoroughly successful and enjoyable affair. All the dresses worn were remarkably pretty, but three or four especially admired were: Miss Kingmill's, an exquisite white corded silk; Mrs. Dickson's, violet and white striped silk; Miss A. Boulton's, yellow china silk; and Miss Hardy's, black velvet, en train.

The pleasant weekly hops at the Chautauqua are over, greatly to the regret of the young people of the town and of the rapidly decreasing number of summer visitors who have regularly attended and found them so enjoyable. Among those who attended the last one were: Miss Folwell, Mr. and Miss Toller, Mr. Sawin, Mr. Fleischmann, Mr. Percy Ball, Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Mr. Gurney, Mrs. and Miss Ball, the Misses Bernard, Mr. B. Hostetter, the Misses Paffard, the Misses Blake, Mrs. J. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Foy, Miss Smith, Mr. Barker, Mr. Coulson, Capt. and Miss Milloy, Miss E. Russell, Mr. H. Watt, Miss Servos, Miss Godson, Miss Howland, Mrs. Beale, Miss B. Ker, Miss Anderson, Mr. C. Milloy, Mr. G. Bernard.

An unusually large and enthusiastic audience greeted Mr. Ramsay at his closing concert last Friday evening. At the conclusion of the programme, in which he excelled himself in some of his best songs, he thanked his audience in a few well chosen words for their kind reception of him during the past few weeks and cordially hoped, were he again present next season, that he might receive the same warm welcome which they had so kindly extended to him this and last summer. The hearty applause which followed proved to some extent the very kindly feeling existing between the speaker and his audience, and the attendance was very large and welcome for any future appearance Mr. Ramsay may make in this vicinity. He was assisted on Friday evening by Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Ramsay, Mr. Allen, Mr. Shaw and Master Bert Thompson. Among the audience I noticed Mrs. and Miss McKean of Hamilton, Miss Russell, Mr. Taylor, the Misses Boulton, Mr. C. Swabey, Miss Russell, Mr. and the Misses Howard, Mr. F. Geddes, Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Capt. and Mrs. R. G. Dickson, Mrs. and Miss Blake, Miss Wilkinson, Mr. A. Downey, Mr. F. and Mrs. Russell, Mr. H. Syer, Mr. A. C. and the Misses Gordon, Mr. H. G. and Mrs. H. Hunter, Miss Winnie Smith, Mr. Warren, the Misses Bernard, Mr. and Mrs. C. Ball, Mr. P. and Miss K. Ball, the Misses Paffard, Miss Mabel Gooling, Miss Toller.

Last Saturday's hop at the Queen's was by far the best of the season in every respect. The music was perfect, the evening deliciously cool and the attendance large enough to include every one's friends, consequently it was unanimously pronounced the jolliest of the many pleasant ones held this summer. Some of the very large number present were: Miss Mathews, Mrs. C. and Miss K. Ball, Mr. P. and Mr. Ernest Ball, Mr. W. and the Misses Boulton, Mr. A. Downey, Mr. and Mrs. B. more, Mr. Taylor, Mr. and the Misses Russell, Mr. Frank Russell, Mr. P. Horrocks, Mr. H. Hunter, Mr. Herbert Syer, Mr. Coulson, Mrs. John Foy, Miss Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Foy, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mr. H. Gamble, Mr. L. and Miss Daisy McMurray, Miss Kallally, Mr. F. and the Misses Geale, Lucas, Mrs. and Mrs. and the Misses Mack, Miss Bate, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. and Mr. P. Helliwell, Miss Fenton, Miss Mathews, Mr. Woodruff, Capt. and Mrs. R. G. Dickson, Miss Paffard, Mr. D. B. Macdougall, Mr. L. Nelles, Mr. G. and the Misses Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Milloy, Mrs. and Miss McKean, Lieut. and Mrs. Irvine, the Misses Nelles, Miss Baxter, Miss Folwell, the Misses Monroe, Mr. Harding, Miss Moffatt, Mr. H. Lansing, Mr. and Miss Houston, Miss and Miss Winnie Kingmill, the Misses Thomson, Mr. H. Greene, Miss Winnett, Mr. W. Smith, Mr. Stephen and the Misses Jarvis, Mr. Paul Jarvis, Mr. O'Brien, Miss Fannie Smith, Miss Barker, Mr. Sawin, Mr. Palmer, Mr. and Miss Bunting, Mrs. G. Mackenzie, Mr. Harold Jarvis. The room was a moving picture of bright faces and pretty costumes, among which were noticed: Miss McKean, white gauze over white silk; Miss Mack, white china silk and lace, pearl trimmings; Miss C. Mack, yellow and cream flowered silk, yellow ribbons; Miss Foy, lemon gauze over silk of the same shade; Miss Howard, white and mauve muslin; Miss Edith Howard, white cashmere, silver girdle and pendants; Miss Russell, white satin, striped grenadine; Miss Edith Russell, pale blue silk; Mrs. Gus Foy, black net; Miss Moffatt, white embroidered muslin and lace; Miss Kingmill, white corded silk, bodice heavily trimmed with white jet; Miss Winnie Kingmill, green silk trimmed with dark green ribbon velvet; Miss Houston, pink silk; Miss Lulu Thomson's—one of the costumes particularly admired—gray gauze, silver brocade silk bodice; Mrs. R. Dickson, black silk and white lace; Mrs. Macdougall, ecrú and crimson silk; Miss Katie Thomson, black lace; Miss Folwell's—another noticeably pretty costume—an artistic combination of pink silk and white lace; Miss Jarvis, white cashmere and yellow ribbons; Miss E. Jarvis, a perfect vision of loveliness in white lace, yellow sash and ribbons; Mrs. J. Lewis, gray lace; Miss Paffard, pink nun's veiling and gauze; Miss Smith, pink Nelles, black satin and net, orange chrysanthemums; Miss Geale, pink nun's veiling and white lace; Miss A. Boulton, white cashmere; Miss Fenton, crimson net, corsage wreath of crimson poppies; Miss Bate, white china silk, the waist prettily trimmed with snow drop; Miss M. Geale, white watered silk; Miss Kallally, pink nun's veiling; Miss D. McMurray, white embroidered muslin; Mrs. Irvine, white china silk trimmed with gold embroidery; Miss Henderson, dove-colored silk; Miss Winnie, white gauze trimmed with white satin; Miss Boulton, black net; Miss Baxter, black net, pink roses; Miss Ball, white china silk, with pale green and pink silk embroidery. Another dress very much admired, and worn by a tall handsome blonde, was an exquisite silk of a very pale heliotrope shade, trimmed with soft white lace. A grand concert was given in the ball room of the Queen's Royal last Thursday evening. It was a most brilliant and complete success, owing principally to the first professional appearance in Niagara of Mr. Harold Jarvis, the famous tenor of Toronto, whose glorious voice has the power to charm and fascinate a royal audience in England as completely as it did the little army of ragged urchins who—huddled under the south windows of the ball room last Thursday evening—joined so wildly in the storm of applause which followed each song of Mr. Jarvis. The whole programme was in every respect a grand musical treat and left absolutely nothing to be desired—except a repetition of the same on some future occasion. After the concert the room was cleared for dancing, which was kept up until about one o'clock. Among those present were: Capt. and Mrs. R. G. Dickson, Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Miss Kingmill,

the Misses Thomson, Mr. and the Misses Houston, Miss D. McMurray, Miss C. Kallally, the Misses Boulton, Mr. Rykert, the Misses Howard, Miss Folwell, Mr. Gurney, Mr. Vatable, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Dickson, Mr. and Mr. H. Syer, Miss Hardy, Mr. Foulkes, Mr. and the Misses Geale, Mr. Gordon Howard, Mrs. and Miss Foy, Mr. Gordon Jones, Miss Fannie Smith, Mr. and the Misses Russell, Mr. O'Brien, Mrs. P. Strathy, Mr. Stephen and the Misses Jarvis, Mr. Paul Jarvis, Mr. Peterson, Mr. Swabey, Mr. H. Syer, Mr. and Mrs. G. Foy, Mr. Downey, Mr. C. Milloy, Mr. L. Nelles, Miss Godson, Mr. H. Hunter. A few of the dresses worn were: Miss McMurray, pink silk; Miss Kallally, pink nun's veiling; Miss A. Boulton, yellow silk and gauze; Miss L. Thomson, yellow china silk, cream ribbons; Miss K. Thomson, lavender silk, cream ribbons; Miss Howard, mauve and white muslin; Miss Folwell, lavender and white silk; Miss Kingmill, black lace and net; Miss Herdy, black velvet; Miss M. Geale, cream silk and net, cream china silk waist; Miss McKean, white gauze. It was with undisguised delight that those who had gone under the impression that it was the last dance of the season, saw the welcome notice tacked in a conspicuous place near the drawing-room and ball-room doors, "Next hop, Saturday, September 5th." Other years the last dance has always been the grand ball which brought the tennis tournament week to a close, and the unlooked-for addition of an extra one this week was a most delightful surprise.

An impromptu dance was held at the Queen's last Friday evening, but it was a very quiet little affair, not more than thirty or forty attending. The efforts of the gentlemen to obtain an orchestra also failed, but the young ladies good-naturedly took turns in presiding at the piano. Miss Kingmill, the Misses Thomson, Mr. and Miss Houston, Miss Swabey, the Misses Boulton and a number of others were present.

The great event of the season—the annual tennis tournament—is over. It began last Wednesday afternoon under the most favorable circumstances, and with the beautiful grounds of the Queen's Royal thronged with the fashion and beauty of the town and surrounding cities. In some respects the tournament was scarcely as great a success as those of other years. Some of the general favorites were absent, while, with the exception of three or four of the matches, which were watched with the keenest interest and enthusiasm, the games were not as interesting or closely contested as usual. Some of those whose brilliant play won the admiration and applause of the on-lookers were Vatable of New York, Folwell of Yale University, and Peterson of St. Catharines; while the matches which aroused the greatest interest among the spectators were the international doubles between Tanner (Buffalo) and Bowman (Rochester), against Blackwood and Mackenzie of Toronto, the latter, to the immense delight of the majority present, coming off victorious, after a grandly exciting and very closely contested match. The veterans also excited a great deal of interest, their matches on Friday and Saturday drawing a very large number of interested spectators. Among those who were present on the latter I noticed: Mr. and Miss A. Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Dickson, Miss Kingmill, the Misses Donavan, Lieut. and Mrs. Heasland of Fort Niagara, the Misses Houston, Mr. Gordon Jones, the Misses Boulton, the Misses Thomson, Mrs. Ramsay, Mr. H. Gamble, Mr. J. and the Misses Howard, Mrs. and Miss C. Arnold, Mr. Vernon Plummer, Mr. Syer, Mr. W. and Mr. Herbert Syer, Miss Tolwell, Mr. Harding, Miss Moffatt, Mr. F. and the Misses Geale, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Mrs. R. G. Dickson, Mr. and Miss Russell, Miss Toy, Rev. F. Baldwin, Mr. S. and the Misses Jarvis, Mr. P. Jarvis, Mr. F. Russell, Mr. Houston, Mrs. and Miss McKean, the Misses Baldwin, Miss Godson, Mrs. and the Misses Yarker, Mr. Horrocks, Miss Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Foy, Miss Barker, Miss Horrocks, Mr. O'Brien, and a number of others.

Mr. F. Geddes has returned to Dundas. Miss Kallally and Miss D. McMurray are the guests of the Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. McMurray at the rectory.

Mr. F. Geale, who has been spending a week or two in town, has returned to Toronto. Among those who have returned to their homes are: Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart and family, Mrs. D. Boulton and family, Miss Bryan of St. Louis, who has been the guest during the summer of Mrs. J. Lewis, and Mrs. R. G. Dickson of Galt, who has been spending a few days with Mrs. Macdougall at Rossville.

Miss B. Ker is the guest of Miss Blake. Mr. P. Hewitt of the School of Cavalry, Kingston, has been spending a few days with relatives in town. He returned on Wednesday. Mrs. Hamby has left for the North-West, where she will make her home in future with her son near Qu'Appelle. She will be greatly missed by her many friends here.

Mr. Geale Dickson, who arrived from England a few days ago, was in town on Monday. Mrs. and Miss McKean have returned to Hamilton. Miss Howland was the guest last week of Miss Rosamond Geddes. Rev. F. M. Baldwin, of Aylmer, preached to a very large congregation at St. Mark's last Sunday evening, his text, upon which he based a splendid sermon, being "The Waters Wear Away the Stones."

Mr. P. Strathy is at Doyle's. GALATEA.

BIG BAY POINT.

The following guests registered at the Robinson House during the past week: Mr. J. W. Whitworth, Mrs. George Boxall and family, Mr. William F. Morse, Miss L. Morse, Miss Edith Clark, Mr. J. J. Clark, Mr. J. J. Clark, Mr. T. Herbert Lennox of Aurora, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Lawson of Barrie, Mr. Adelaide M. Orr of Toronto, Mrs. Hardie, Mr. James Hardie, Mrs. Hardie, Jun., Mrs. Tovey, Miss Sarah Hardie, Mr. L. Long, Mr. A. Hardie, H. B. Master H. B. Harcourt, Mr. Strathallan, Kempfenfeldt Bay, Miss Maggie Bartley of Toronto, Miss Mary Huggard of Montreal, Miss Ida M. Orr of Toronto, Miss F. M. Henderson of Barrie, Miss Luffe of Jonesville, the Misses Connolly of Winnipeg, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. H. Chopin, Mr. J. G. Ryan, Mr. F. Moore, Mr. E. M. Saunders of Barrie, Miss Elsie A. Atcheson of Midland, Mr. John Bray of Stouffville, Mr. George Boxall of Toronto, Mr. W. D. B. Spry, Mr. F. J. Crease of Barrie, and Miss Helliwell of Toronto.

Mr. Fred Smith and party of Barrie broke up camp last week.

Mrs. Binns, Mrs. Coates and party left for home last week. Miss Binns, who has been most kind in playing for the dances held every evening in Mr. Bogart's, is very much missed. The company of Judge Boyd, Dr. J. Harper and the "Connollys" breaking up this week, leave the Point with a very deserted-looking appearance.

A dance under the auspices of "Connollys" and other visitors at the Point, was held on Saturday evening last. Through the kindness of Mrs. McConnell the dance was held on the platform on the Peninsula Park Hotel grounds. Ice cream and lemonade were served from Hotel de Bob. Some thirty ladies and gentlemen attended from Barrie, the steamer Little being chartered for the occasion.

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Mrs. Sanford closed her cottage on Saturday last.

Mrs. Heindrich left for Toronto this week, where she resumes her classes in the Conservatory of Music.

1891. Fall Dress Goods. 1891.

LATEST STYLES! NEWEST COLORINGS!

AT THE BON MARCHE

COLORED

BLACK

54 inch English Tweed Suitings
Handsome Large Cheviot Checks, for
Tailor-Made Garments, 90c, worth \$1.25

Handsome Black Diagonal Serges, double
fold, all wool, at 25c., 40c., 50c, and 60c.
Very Special Value. See them

54 inch English Tweed Suitings
Beautiful Cheviot Tweed Stripes
For Tailor Made Suits, 90c, worth \$1.25

Rich Black Wool Brocades, beautiful
Design and Material, 35c, 45c and 60c.
This line specially deserves attention

54 inch English Tweed Suitings
Very Stylish Cheviot Mixtures
For Tailor Made Dresses, 90c, worth \$1.25

Black Silk-Warp Henriettas
The finest value ever shown in Toronto
60c, 60c and 75c.

44 inch Silk-Finished Henriettas
All Pure Wool and Lovely Colorings
Special Value, 35c, worth 50c.

Black Silk-Finished Henriettas, Jet Black
or Blue Black, Value Unequalled
Guaranteed All Wool, 35c to \$1.00

44 inch Silk-Finished Henriettas
All Pure Wool and Equal to Silk
50c, worth 75c.

Handsome Black and White Plaids
Double Fold, All Pure Wool
Snap Bargain, 50c, worth \$1.00

Navy Blue Diagonal Serges
Now so much in demand
Very Large Choice, from 15c per yard up

Black and White Brillianteens
Double Fold, Extraordinary Value
25c, really worth 50c.

NOTICE—The largest importation ever made by us of LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S
MANTLES, ULSTERS and WALKING JACKETS have just arrived, and will be marked
and placed into stock at once. Look out for grand announcement in next issue of
"Saturday Night."

THE BON MARCHE, 7 and 9 KING STREET EAST

VAN- Are You Troubled with Superfluous Hair? SAM-
DAL- VANDALINE
INE ARE YOU LOSING YOUR HAIR? SON-
TRY SAMSONINE
It contains nothing noxious or accumulative. It removes dandruff,
prevents loss of hair, invigorates the glands, and has succeeded where
all other remedies have failed.
Write to ask your druggist for sample bottles.

PIANOS
FOR
= HIRE =
AT
MASON & RISCH'S
Parties desiring pianos for hire for the coming season will
please notify us of their requirements as soon as possible, so as
to prevent disappointment later on.
MASON & RISCH,
32 King Street West.

HEINTZMAN & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
PIANOFORTES
GRAND SQUARE UPRIGHT
Their thirty-six years'
record the best guarantee
of the excellence of their
instruments.
Our written guarantee
for five years accompanies
each Piano.
SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
Warerooms: - 89 King Street West, Toronto

Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Burton left for Mus-
koka last week.
Mrs. Wells closes her cottage this week, and
Miss Matson returns to Toronto.

Light Diet.
A lady describing to a friend who was look-
ing for the right place to go for the summer,
the attractions and disadvantages of a certain
sea-bound resort, said of it: "The sea is grand,
the air delightful, the scenery exquisite, but
the food—is scant. The first meal I took there
the waiter asked me whether I'd have tea or
toast."

A Prohibition Dodge.
Bunting—Spiggitt is getting rich now.
Larking—What's he doing?
Bunting—Running a drug store in Maine.
Larking—But he can't legally sell liquor
without a physician's prescription.
Bunting—That's all right. He's got a doctor
for a silent partner.

MISS MARGUERITE DUNN, B.E.
Graduate of the National School of Elocution and
Oratory, Philadelphia.
Teacher of Elocution and Voice Culture
Open for concert engagements and evenings of reading.
309 Wilton Avenue

33 - DANCING - 33
Prof. Davis
WILL OPEN HIS
33rd SEASON
BEGINNING
Tuesday, Sept. 1.
Academy 102 Wilton Ave.
33 - DANCING - 33

McKENDRY'S
202 YONGE STREET
6 Doors North of Queen.

OUR Dress Goods shelves are
filled to overflowing with as
choice an assortment of Fall Nov-
elties as it would be possible to
imagine. The people can buy the
finest goods here at what other
stores ask for common goods. A
new lot of Traveling Costumes un-
made are very distingue. Nothing
newer under the sun.

50 pieces of double-fold heavy
Costume Cloth, in all the popular
shades, for a quarter dollar, will
soon melt away, and we can't re-
peat this season.

Velveteens and Silk Velvets are
entering largely into the dress trim-
ming line. We have from the
maker the best brand in the world,
and that's saying a good deal; but
we know whereof we speak. It has
taken prizes from under the noses
of scores of so-called first makers.
Just see what we offer at 50c. and
75c. Eighteen new shades to
choose from, and blacks equal value.
In Silk Velvets we have secured
some splendid values from \$1 to
\$3.50. It will pay milliners to trade
here for Silk Velvets. Our new
Black and Colored Dress Silks are
opening out beautifully. We've
never taken so much trouble to
have the correct goods at prices to
beat every corner, big or little.
That's what we live for. It's for
the public to say how we succeed.
We are not losing sleep as to what
the verdict shall be.

McKENDRY'S
202 YONGE STREET
6 Doors North of Queen

GANANOQUE
CARRIAGE CO.
100 & 102 BAY STREET,
TORONTO.

WHEN wanting a carriage
of any description don't
fail to call at our repository and
see the LARGEST and FINEST
display of all kinds of vehicles in
the Dominion.



I Discovered the Value

last fall and winter of the

"HEALTH BRAND"

undervests and intend to buy another half dozen this winter if I am in Canada, or send for them if I go South instead of coming home.

Extract from the letter of a Toronto lady now in England to friends in Montreal.

This now celebrated make can be bought at every first-class dry goods store in Canada.



Knew His Wife.
He was about five feet tall, had light hair, and looked meet. He was making strenuous but unsuccessful efforts to reach a knothole in a high board fence on the outskirts of East New York. A tall man was passing, and the small man glided up to him, plucked him timidly by the coat and said:
"Hate to trouble, sir, but would you mind doing me a favor?"
"Not at all; would be happy to." The small man took him by the arm and led him over to the fence.
"You see," said he, "I promised my wife I'd be home four hours ago and beat a carpet, and—well, I just want you to stand on that rock, look through that knothole up there and tell me what is going on inside."
The tall man looked rather surprised, but complied, while the other leaned up against the fence to await developments.
"What do you see?" asked the meek man presently.
"Why, I see a woman—"
"Sh! not so loud! Tall woman, with auburn hair, red face, and wart on her cheek?"
"That's her."
"Beating a carpet, isn't she?"
"Yes."
"Look warm?"
"I should say so."
"Kinder excited, too, isn't she?"
"Well, yes."
"Um—got her skirt up around her knees, and the sleeves rolled up to her shoulders?"
"Exactly."
"Has she got on a black bonnet with a white feather, stuck hind side before and tied underneath the chin in a double hard knot?"
"That's just the way she's dressed."
"Was she using a carpet beater or a broom?"
"A hoe handle."
"Lord! She's worse than I thought."
Just then came from the other side a crack, a rip, and a snort. The fence shook, and the tall man almost tumbled from his post.
"Gee whizz!" said the other, trembling, "but she's got 'em bad this time. Did she smile when she hit that whack, stranger?"
"Smile! She sniggered."
"That's all right. Much obliged to you, sir. That will do. I guess I won't go in yet. Good day, sir."

Prof. Davis' New Arrangements.

Prof. Davis re-opened his dancing classes on Tuesday last. The attendance was large, and much admiration was expressed for the neat and perfect arrangements of his academy. Prof. Davis' long experience in the oldest of arts and its requirements makes his classes practically without a drawback. A visit to the academy, even when no classes are present, and a glimpse of the professor's gallery of portraits, is always interesting.

Men Who Wear Corsets.

"You have no idea how many men wear corsets," said a dealer in those articles the other day. "They are worn for various purposes. Stout men wear them to reduce corpulence, stoop-shouldered men so that they will walk erect and widen their chests, and other men in the hope that they will thus gain a handsome figure."
"Men's corsets can be had from 12s. to as much as 5s. according to the means and inclination of the purchaser. They are made of the same material, except that whalebone is substituted for steel, as a woman's corset, but are somewhat different in shape, being like a ten-inch belt curved to fit over the hips. They lace in the back, and are tightened in front by means of elastic bands. They are much easier than braces, and hence are more popular. Indeed, I believe it is only a question of a few years when corsets will be commonly worn by men."

The Ingres-Coutelier School of Languages.

The Ingres-Coutelier School of Modern Languages has reopened its courses of French, German and Spanish. It is not necessary to call the attention of this city to the school, as it has been existing here for nearly four years. Its success, ever increasing (the number of pupils last year exceeded 300), is a guarantee to the public of the excellence of the method and teachers.

By Comparison a Trifle.

Friendly—Was that you I saw driving around in a carriage the other day? And yet you cannot afford to pay me the five dollars you owe me.
Charlie—That's nothing. You ought to see the bill I owe the livery stable.

The Hunting Trip.

Now that the ladies are returning from Muskoka the men folk have their innings, and Muskoka will soon be crowded with amateur and professional sportsmen. A representative of SATURDAY NIGHT recently made the lake trip on the Muskoka Navigation Company's steamers which run in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway from Gravenhurst. The courtesy of the officials is one of the most noticeable features of the steamboat company's service. Mr. W. M. Link, purser of the steamer Nipissing, especially has made many friends this summer.

Another Anglomaniac.

Knowles—The rhinoceros is a native of England, isn't it?
Towels—A native of England! Why, man alive, whatever put such an idea into your head?
Knowles—Why, just look how his clothes fit him.

D. Grant & Co.'s Opening.

The exhibition of fall mantles at the warehouse of this well known firm of costumers occurs on Monday, September 7. Till then the ladies are all quiver.

A Pertinent Impertinence.

Waldemar—Has your fortune ever been told?
Aurelia—No, but papa will tell you if you have really serious intentions.

His Income.

"I am so glad, my son," said the loving

mother of the rising young architect, as she fondly stroked his head, "that you have done so well. How much money do you expect to make this year?"
"Well, mother," replied the talented young man, "that is hard to tell, but I am sure of \$2,400. You see," he continued, gently pressing his mother's hand, "I have just got an order for four \$600 cottages."

DENTISTRY.

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto. Tel. 3868.

DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist
325 College Street TORONTO

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honorary Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
74 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. Tel. 2366

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13 Carlton Street Tel. 3821
L.D.S., Toronto (Gold Medal); D.D.S., Philadelphia; M.D.S., New York.

LANOLINE CREAM

REMOVES

Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, Roughness, Redness and Hardness of the Skin, and Prevents Wrinkles

PREPARED ONLY AT

Bingham's Pharmacy
100 Yonge Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb Births.

WEBSTER—At Toronto, on Friday, August 28, the wife of Geo. Webster, of a daughter.
STEWART—At London, on August 29, Mrs. T. Stewart—a son.
MACALLUM—At Etobicoke, Turkey, on July 30, Mrs. F. W. Macallum—a daughter.
SISLEY—At Etobicoke, on August 27, Mrs. O. Sisley—a son.
THOMPSON—At Toronto, on August 28, Mrs. S. H. Thompson—a son.
ADAMS—At Toronto, on August 27, Mrs. R. D. Adams—a daughter.
CRAIG—At Toronto, on August 28, Mrs. E. S. Craig—a daughter.
FORBES—At Toronto, on August 30, Mrs. H. W. Forbes—twin daughters.
HERRIMAN—At Grand Forks, North Dakota, on August 11, Mrs. A. R. Herriman—a daughter.
LE MEURIER—At Toronto, on August 29, Mrs. G. G. Le Meurier—a son.
PEARCE—At Toronto, Mrs. E. G. Pearce—a son.
BALDWIN—At Toronto, on August 31, Mrs. Lawrence Baldwin—a son.
GRAY—At Parkdale, on August 31, Mrs. John C. Gray—a son.
CORNWELL—At Toronto, on August 28, Mrs. Alfred Cornwell—a son.
HOSKYN—At Whitesides, Westwood Park, Southampton, Eng. and, on August 11, Mrs. R. F. Hoskyn—a daughter.
TINDALL—At Ferry Sound, on August 30, Mrs. W. B. Tindall—a daughter.
PURVIS—At Toronto, on August 29, Mrs. J. E. Purvis—a son.
BATTING—At Toronto, on August 25, Mrs. William H. Bating—a son.

Marriages.

THORP—HANNING—At Toronto, on August 26, Henry Bell Thorp to Emily Georgina Hanning.
COPLAND—KNOWLES—At Toronto, on August 25, James S. Copland to Maggie Jane Knowles.
CHISHOLM—CAMERON—At Toronto, on September 1, Thomas Alexander Chisholm to Lina Greendoline Cameron.
NICHOLSON—FLIGHT—At Toronto, on August 25, F. R. Nicholson to Leona M. Flight.
WEEKS—EDWARDS—At Cannington, on September 1, Charles Edgar Weeks to Clara A. M. Edwards.
HUGHES—ASHFIELD—At Ottawa, on August 26, Samuel Hughes to Magie Ashfield.
BUCHANAN—BLOCH—At Milwaukee, Wis., on August 15, Percy Buchanan to Helena Augusta Bloch.

Deaths.

JACKSON—At Port Hope, on August 31, Eliza J. Jackson—a daughter.
MIDFORD—At Wingham, on August 31, Mrs. Sara Midford, aged 26 years.
KLINGNER—At Toronto, on August 31, Alice Fredina Klingner.
DOUGLAS—At Owen Sound, on August 30, James Usher Douglas, aged 71 years.
SNIDER—At Toronto, on August 28, Isaac Snider, aged 66 years.
WATERSTON—At Toronto, on August 28, Robert John Waterston, aged 26 years.
RILEY—At Stoney Creek, on August 28, Samuel Rilett, aged 70 years.
ORALOCK—At Toronto, on August 26, Clara Louise Orallock, aged 27 years.
MERRITT—At Morristown, N.J., on August 23, Ellen Merritt.
RIVERS—At Walkerton, on August 26, Emma Rivers, aged 36 years.
COOK—At Toronto, on August 30, Reuben Cook, aged 52 years.
COOPER—At Kendall, on August 31, Alice Maud Cooper, aged 23 years.
HORSLEY—At Ontario, Cal., on August 21, Mary Horsley.
McFAYDEN—At Thistleton, on August 28, John McFayden, aged 46 years.
CARSON—At Heidelberg, Germany, on August 31, Alexander T. Carson, aged 56 years.
McGREGOR—At Toronto, on September 1, Archibald McGregor, aged 59 years.
WARREN—At Weidmann, on July 17, Caroline Hendrickson Warren, aged 56 years.
DEDRICK—At Port Rowan, on August 24, Callista Dedrick, aged 13 years.
LIVINGSTON—At Hamilton, on August 28, Ernest Norman Livingston, aged 21 years.
MACDONALD—At Beckenham, on August 15, James Macdonald, aged 56 years.
THORNHILL—At Toronto, on August 30, Mrs. Isabella Thornhill.
RICHARDSON—At Toronto, on August 29, Thomas Henry Richardson, aged 80 years.
LAVELLE—At Toronto, on August 30, Nedie Lavelle, aged 18 years.
BECK—At Toronto, on August 30, Daniel Beck, aged 49 years.
CLARK—At Toronto, on September 1, Mary Gertrude Clark, aged 7 years.
McDONALD—At Toronto, on August 31, Sarah Bell McDonald, aged 25 years.

McDONNELL—At Toronto, on September 1, Ann McDonnell, aged 60 years.
WALSH—At Toronto, on August 29, Minnie Walsh.
LITTLEJOHN—At Meaford, on August 29, Mr. Littlejohn, aged 75 years.
FORBES—At Toronto, William S. Forbes, aged 21 years.
MAIR—At Toronto, Thomas Mair, aged 68 years.
THOMPSON—At Ruthven Park, Indiana, Ontario, on August 25, Marjorie Elizabeth Thompson, aged 3 months.
JURY—At Bowmanville, on August 25, John Jury, aged 70 years.
RICHARDSON—At Thornhill, on August 25, Isabella M. Richardson, aged 47 years.
MUFFITT—On August 26, Robert John Muffitt, aged 15 years.
McGOVERN—At Kingston, on August 26, Mary Jane McGovern.
MANN—At Swindon, Wilts County, England, July 17, Alexander Mann, aged 85 years.
CLELAND—At Toronto, on August 29, John Cleland, aged 17 years.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Having just received by special importation an exceptionally fine line of fabrics for Fall and Winter wear, at the old address, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

Quiet, Genteel and Good will be the essentials this season for gentlemen's garments.

I am prepared to meet these requirements for good dressers.

HENRY A. TAYLOR,
DESIGNER.

POSTAGE - - STAMPS

Wanted—A collection of foreign postage stamps, for which a good price will be paid. Also old Canadian and United States postage stamps previous to 1870.

For many of these I will pay from \$5 to \$10 each. Look up your old letters. There is hardly a family in the Province who have not old letters filed away. Examine these and communicate with

GEO. A. LOWE

348 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

McCAUSLAND & SON'S WALL PAPER

IMPORTATIONS
ARE UNEXCELLED FOR VARIETY AND BEAUTY OF DESIGN. ALL GRADE AND PRICES
76 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO

TIME IS MONEY

You can get the best value in Watches

GETTORY

MANUFACTURING JEWELER
61 King Street East, opposite Toronto Station
This Young Man's Occupation is Gone



And our machines are now cleaning the Costly Carpets and Fine Rugs for the ladies of Toronto

We would like the ladies to give us a call and see how the work is done. We are prepared to do all kinds of cleaning, darning and laying (no chains or ropes to tear your carpets). Grease spots removed. Open all the year. Orders called for and returned to any part of the city. We have a special moth proof room for storing carpets. Send for price list. Furniture repaired.

Toronto Carpet Cleaning Company

Office and Works 44 Lombard Street
Telephone 3085
A. S. PFEIFFER & HOUGH BROS.



NEW FALL GOODS

OUR MANTLE DISPLAY

FINER THAN EVER

Comprising all the Novelties of this Season

Choice Reefer Jackets, Elegant Three-quarter Coats, Plain and Trimmed with Fur.

Lovely Cloth Capes, Trimmed with Ostrich Tips, also Braided and Trimmed with Nail Heads.

INSPECTION INVITED.

Novelty Dress Goods

Beautiful Tweed Dress Goods, with Mohair Check and Stripes, also Spots. French designs, newest style, Ramage pattern, Black on Plain Color Grounds.

Stylish Robes in newest coloring, single length only.

INSPECTION INVITED.

OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT

Is a special feature, and we invite correspondence from every town in Canada. Samples are kept ready, cut and made up.

R. WALKER & SONS

33, 35 and 37 King Street East; 18, 20 and 22 Colborne Street.

BUY THE



Celebrated Lehigh Valley

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PARISIAN STEAM LAUNDRY

67 Adelaide Street West. Telephone 1127

Goods called for and delivered to any part of the city. N.B.—Our patrons are requested not to give their Laundry to any driver not wearing uniform Cap with the initials P. S. L. on, as we have no connection with other concerns styling themselves Parisian Laundry or otherwise. Yours truly, CHIERA AND VIER, Props. J. A. ROLSTON, Manager.

OAK HALL Around the Corner



NEW SUITS FOR THE BOYS

Our full range of 2 and 3 piece suits is now in, and we can say without the least hesitation that for neatness and value we never showed anything like it before.

Parents should call.

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115 to 121 King Street East

Toronto

W. RUTHERFORD Manager

H. A. COLLINS & CO.

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